

POEMS,&c.

UPON

Several Occasions.

BY

Mr. JOHN MILTON:

Both ENGLISH and LATIN,&c.
Composed at several times.

With a small Tractate of
EDUCATION
To Mr. HARTLIB.

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ERRATA.

ERRATA.

PAGE 21. at the end of the Elegie should have come in the Verses *at a Vacation Exercise*, which follow afterwards, from pag. 64. to p. 68, p. 56. line 8. after *is* r. *is*, ib. l. 9. for *Colikto* r. *Colkisto*, p. 59. l. 4. for *so* r. *for*, p. 69. l. 17. for *bank* r. *bank*, p. 90. l. 9. for *Heccat* r. *Heccat*, p. 91. l. 19. leave out the Comma after *May*, and for *bere* r. *hear*, p. 128. l. 3. leave out *that*. In the second part p. 43. l. 1. for *Canentam* r. *Canentem*, ibid. l. 4. for *desipulisset* r. *desipuisset*, p. 49. l. 2. for *Adamantius* r. *Adamantinus*, ibid. l. 9. for *Notat* r. *Natat*, p. 52. l. 2. for *Reliquas* r. *Reliquias*, p. 53. l. 17, 18. a Comma after *Manet*, none after *Exululat*. Some other Errors and mispointings the Readers judgement may correct.

(1)

ON THE
M O R N I N G
O F

Christ's Nativity.

I.

THis is the Month, and this the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of Heav'ns eternal King,
Of wedded Maid, and Virgin Mother born,
Our great Redemption from above did bring;
For so the holy Sages once did sing,
That he our deadly forfeit should release,
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

II.

That glorious Form, that Light unsufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of Majesty,
Wherewith he wont at Heav'ns high Council-Table,
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
He laid aside; and here with us to be,
Forsook the Courts of everlasting Day,
And chose with us a darksome House of mortal Clay.

A

III/Say

III.

Say Heav'nly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein
 Afford a Present to the Infant God?
 Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,
 To welcome him to this his new abode,
 Now while the Heav'n by the Sun's beam untrod,
 Hath took no print of the approaching light,
 And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons

IV.

(bright?)

See how from far upon the Eastern rode
 The Star-led Wisards haste with odours sweet,
 O run, prevent them with thy humble ode,
 And lay it lowly at his blessed feet;
 Have thou the honour first, thy Lord to greet,
 And join thy voice unto the Angel Quire,
 From out his secret Altar toucht with hallow'd fire,

The Hymn.

IT was the Winter wilde,
 While the Heav'n-born-childe,
 All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;
 Nature in awe to him,
 Had doff't her gawdy trim,
 With her great Master do to sympathize:

(82)

It was no season then for her
To wanton with the Sun her lusty Paramour.

I L

Only with speeches fair
She woo's the gentle Air
To hide her guilty front with innocent Snow,
And on her naked shame,
Pollute with sinfull blame,

The Saintly Veil of Maiden white to throw,
Confounded, that her Makers eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

I I L

But he her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-ey'd Peace,
She crown'd with Olive green, came softly sliding
Down through the turning sphear
His ready Harbinger,

With Turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing,
And waving wide her mirtle wand,
She strikes a univerfal Peace through Sea and Land.

I V

No War, or Battels sound
Was heard the World around

The

The idle Spear and Shield were high up hung,
The hooked Chariot stood
Unstain'd with hostile blood,

The Trumpet spake not to the armed throng,
And Kings sat still with awfull eye,
As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by.

V.

But peacefull was the night
Wherein the Prince of light

His reign of peace upon the earth began :
The Winds with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kist,

Whispering new joyes to the milde Ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While Birds of Calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

VI.

The Stars with deep amaze
Stand fixt in stedfast gaze,

Bending one way their pretious influence,
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light,

Or *Lucifer* that often warn'd them thence;
But in their glimmering Orbs did glow,
Untill their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

(52)

VII.

And though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,

The Sun himself with-held his wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferiour flame,

The new enlightn'd world no more should need ;
He saw a greater Sun appear
Then his bright Throne, or burning Axletree could bear.

VIII.

The Shepherds on the Lawn,
Or ere the point of dawn,

Sate simply chatting in a rustick row ;
Full little thought they than,
That the mighty Pan

Was kindly come to live with them below ;
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busie keep.

IX.

When such musick sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,

As never was by mortal finger strook,
Divinely-warbl'd voice
Answering the stringed noise,

As all their souls in blisfull rapture took :

The Air such pleasure loth to lose,
 With thousand echo's still prolongs each heav'nly close.

X.

Nature that heard such sound
 Beneath the hollow round

Of *Cynthia's* seat, the Airy region thrilling,
 Now was almost won

To think her part was done,

And that her reign had here its last fulfilling;
 She knew such harmony alone
 Could hold all Heav'n and Earth in happier union.

X I.

At last surrounds their sight
 A Globe of circular light,

That with long beams the flame-fac't night array'd,
 The helmed Cherubim
 And sworded Seraphim,

Are seen in glittering ranks with wings displaid,
 Harping in loud and solemn quire,
 With unexpressive notes to Heav'n's new-born Heir.

X II.

Such Musick (as 'tis said)
 Before was never made,

But

But when of old the sons of morning sung,
 While the Creator great
 His Constellations set,
 And the well-ballanc't world on hinges hung,
 And cast the dark foundations deep,
 And bid the weltring waves their oozy channel keep.

XIII.

Ring out ye Crystill spheres,
 Once bless our humane ears,
 (If ye have power to touch our senses so)
 And let your silver chime
 Move in melodious time ;
 And let the Base of Heav'ns deep Organ blow,
 And with your ninefold harmony
 Make up full consort to th' Angelike symphony.

XIV

For if such holy Song
 Enwrap our fancy long,
 Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold,
 And speckl'd vanity
 Will sicken soon and die,
 And leprous sin will melt from earthly mould,
 And Hell it self will pass away,
 And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

Yea Truth, and Justice then
Will down return to men,
Orb'd in a Rain-bow; and like glories wearing
Mercy will sit between,
Thron'd in Celestial sheen,
With radiant feet the tiffed clouds down tearing,
And Heav'n as at some Festivall,
Will open wide the Gates of her high Palace Hall.

XVI.

But wisest Fate sayes no,
This must not yet be so,
The Babe lies yet in smiling Infancy,
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss;

So both himself and us to glorific:
Yet first to those ychain'd in sleep, (deep.
The wakeful tramp of doom must thunder through the

XVII.

With such a horrid clang
As on mount *Sinai* rang

While the red fire, and smouldring clouds out brake:
The aged Earth agast
With terreur of that blast,
Shall from the surface to the center shake;

When

When at the worlds last session,
The dreadful Judge in middle Air shall spread his throne.

XVIII.

And then at last our bliss
Full and perfect is,

But now begins; for from this happy day
Th' old Dragon under ground
In firaiter limits bound,

Not half so far casts his usurped sway,
And wroth to see his Kingdom fail,
Swindges the scaly Horror of his foulded tail.

XIX.

The Oracles are dumb,
No voice or hideous hum

Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving.
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,

With hollow shriek the steep of *Delphos* leaving.
No nightly trance, or breathed spell,
Inspires the pale-ey'd Priest from the prophetic cell:

XX.

The lonely mountains o're,
And the resounding shore,

A voice

A voice of weeping heard, and loud lament;
 From haunted springs and dale
 Edg'd with poplar pale,

The parting Genius is with sighing sent,
 With flowre-inwov'n tresses torn
 The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

XXI.

In consecrated Earth,
 And on the holy Hearth,
 The *Lars*, and *Lemures* moan with midnight plaint,
 In Urns, and Altars round,
 A drear and dying sound

Affrights the *Flamins* at their service quaint;
 And the chill Marble seems to sweat,
 While each peculiar power forgoes his wonted seat.

XXII.

Peor, and *Baalim*,
 Forake their Temples dim,
 With that twice batter'd god of *Palestine*,
 And mooned *Ashtoreth*,
 Heav'n's Queen and Mother both,
 Now sits not girt with Tapers holy shine,
 The Libyc *Hammon* shrinks his horn,
 In vain the *Tyrian* Maids their wounded *Thamuz* mourn.

XXIII.

And fullen *Makob* And
Hath left in shadows dred,

His burning Idol all of blackest hue;
In vain with Cymbals ring,
They call the grisly King,

In dismal dance about the furnace blue;
The brutish gods of Nile as fast,
Isis and *Orus*, and the Dog *Anubis* haſt.

XXIV.

Nor is *Osiris* ſeen
In *Memphian* Grove, or Green,

Trampling the unſhow' d Graſs with lowings loud;
Nor can he be at reſt
Within his ſacred cheſt,

Naught but profoundeſt Hell can be his ſhroud,
In vain with Timbrel'd Anthems dark
The ſable-ſtoled Sorcerers bear his worſhipt Ark.

XXV.

He feels from *Juda's* Land
The dredded Infants hand,

The rayes of *Betſhelem* blind his dusky eyn;
Nor all the Gods beſide,
Longer dare abide,

Not *Typhon* huge ending in ſnaky twine:

Our

Our Babe to shew his Godhead true,
Can in his swadling bands controul the damned crew.

XXVI.

So when the Sun in bed,
Curtain'd with cloudy red,
Pillows his chin upon an Orient wave,
The flocking shadows pale,
Troop to th' infernal Jail,

Each fetter'd Ghost slips to his several grave,
And the yellow-skirted Fays,
Fly after the Night-steeds, leaving their Moon-lov'd maze.

XXVII.

But see the Virgin blest,
Hath laid her Babe to rest.

Time is our tedious Song should here have ending;
Heav'n's youngest teemed Star,
Hath fixt her polish'd Car,

Her sleeping Lord with Handmaid Lamp attending:
And all about the Courtly Stable,
Bright-harnest Angels sit in order serviceable.

A Paraphrase on *Psalms* 114.

This and the following *Psalms* were done by
the Author at fifteen years old.

When the blest seed of *Terah's* faithful Son,
After long toil their liberty had won,
And past from *Pharian* Fields to *Canaan* Land,
Led by the strength of the Almighty's hand,
Jehovah's wonders were in *Israel* shown,
His praise and glory was in *Israel* known,
That saw the troubled Sea, and shivering fled,
And sought to hide his froth-becurled head
Low in the earth, *Jordan's* clear streams recoil,
As a faint Host that hath receiv'd the foil.
The high, huge-bellied Mountains skip like Rams
Amongst their Ews, the little Hills like Lambs.
Why fled the Ocean? And why skipt the Mountains?
Why turned *Jordan* toward his Chrystal Fountains?
Shake earth, and at the presence be agast
Of him that ever was, and ay shall last,
That glassy flouds from rugged rocks can crush,
And make soft rills from fiery flint-stones gush.

Let us with a gladfom mind
 Praise the Lord, for he is kind
 For his mercies ay endure,
 Ever faithfull, ever sure.

Let us blaze his Name abroad,
 For of gods he is the God;
 For his, &c.

O let us his praises tell,
 Who doth the wrathfull tyrants quell.
 For his, &c.

Who with his miracles doth make
 Amazed Heav'n and Earth to shake.
 For his, &c.

Who by his wisdom did create
 The painted Heav'ns so full of state.
 For his, &c.

Who did the solid Earth ordain
 To rise above the warry plain.
 For his, &c.

Who by his all-commanding might,
 Did fill the new-made world with light.
 For his, &c.

And

And caus'd the Golden-tressed Sun,
All the day long his course to run.

For his, &c.

The horned Moon to shine by night,
Amongst her spangled sisters bright.

For his, &c.

He with his thunder-clasping hand,
Smote the first-born of Egypt Land.

For his, &c.

And in despite of Pharaoh fell,
He brought from thence his Israel.

For, &c.

The ruddy waves he cleft in twain,
Of the Erythrean main.

For, &c.

The floods stood still like Walls of Glass,
While the Hebrew Bands did pass.

For, &c.

But full soon they did devour
The Tawny King with all his power.

For, &c.

His

(16)
His chosen people he did bless
In the wastfull Wilderness.

For, &c.

In bloody battel he brought down
Kings of prowess and renown.

For, &c.

He foild bold *Seon* and his host,
That rul'd the *Amorrean* coast.

For, &c.

And large-limb'd *Og* he did subdue,
With all his over-hardy crew.

For, &c.

And to his Servant *Israel*,
He gave their Land therein to dwell.

For, &c.

He hath with a piteous eye
Beheld us in in our misery.

For, &c.

And freed us from the slavery
Of the invading enemy.

For, &c.

All living creatures he doth feed,
And with full hand supplies their need.

For, &c.

Let us therefore warble forth
His mighty Majesty and worth.

For, &c.

That his mansion hath on high
Above the reach of mortal eye.

For his mercies ay endure,

Ever faithfull, ever sure.

Anno ætatis 17.

On the Death of a fair Infant dying of a Cough.

I.

O Fairest flower no sooner blown but blasted,
Soft filken Primrose fading timeleslie,
Summers chief honour if thou hadst out-lasted,
Bleak winters force that made thy blossome drie;
For he being amorous on that lovely die

That did thy cheek envermeil, thought to kisse
But kill'd alas, and then bewayl'd his fatal blisse.

II.

For since grim Aquilo his chariot
By boistrous rape th'Athenian damsel got,
He thought it toucht his Deitie full neer,

B

K

If likewise he some fair one wedded not,
 Thereby to wipe away th' infamous blot,
 Of long-uncoupled bed, and childless eld,
 Which'mongst the wanton gods a foul reproach was held.

III.

So mounting up in ycie-pearled carr,
 Through middle empire of the freezing aire
 He wanderd long, till thee he spy'd from farr,
 There ended was his quest, there ceast his care.
 Down he descended from his Snow-soft chaire,
 But all unwares with his cold-kind embrace
 Unhous'd thy Virgin Soul from her fair bidding place.

IV.

Yet art thou not, inglorious in thy fate;
 For so *Apollo*, with unweeting hand
 Whilome did slay his dearly-loved mate
 Young *Hyacinth* born on *Eurota's* strand
 Young *Hyacinth* the pride of *Spartan* land;
 But then transform'd him to a purple flower
 Alack that so to change thee winter had no power.

V.

Yet can I not perswade me thou art dead
 Or that thy coarſe corrupts in earths dark wombe,
 Or that thy beauties lie in wormie bed,

Hid

Hid from the world in a low elyved tombe;
 Could Heav'n for pittie thee so strictly doom?

Oh no? for something in thy face did shine
 Above mortalitie that shew'd thou wast divine.

V. I.

Resolve me then oh Soul most surely blest
 (If so it be that thou these plaints dost hear)
 Tell me bright Spirit where e're thou hoverest
 Whether above that high first-moving Sphaere
 Or in the Elisian fields (if such there were.)

Oh say me true if thou wert mortal wight
 And why from us so quickly thou didst take thy flight.

V. I. I.

Wert thou some Starr which from the ruin'd roofo
 Of shak't Olympus by mischance didst fall;
 Which carefull *Jove* in natures true behoofe
 Took up, and in fit place did reinstall?
 Or did of late earths Sonnes besiege the wall

Of sheenie Heav'n, and thou some goddess fled
 Amongst us here, below to hide thy nectar'd head.

V. I. I. I.

Or wert thou that just Maid who once before
 Forsook the hated earth, O tell me sooth
 And cam'st again to visit us once more?

Or wert thou that sweet smiling Youth!
 Or that cown'd Matron sage white-robed truth?
 Or any other of that heav'nly brood
 Let down in clowdie throne to do the world some good.

IX.

Or wert thou of the golden-winged hoast,
 Who having clad thy self in humane weed,
 To earth from thy præfix'd seat didst poast,
 And after short abode flie back with speed,
 As if to shew what creatures Heav'n doth breed;

Thereby to set the hearts of men on fire
 To scorn the sordid world, and unto Heav'n aspire.

X.

But oh why didst thou not stay here below
 To bless us with thy heav'n-lov'd innocence,
 To slake his wrath whom sin hath made our foe
 To turn Swift-rushing black perdition hence,
 Or drive away the slaughtering pestilence,

To stand 'twixt us and our deserved smart
 But thou canst best perform that office where thou art.

XI.

Then thou the mother of so sweet a child
 Her false imagin'd loss cease to lament,
 And wisely learn to curb thy sorrows wild ;

Think

Think what a present thou to God hast sent,
 And render him with patience what he lent;
 This if thou do he will an off-spring give,
 That till the worlds last-end shall make thy name to live.

The Passion.

I.

ERe-while of Musick, and Ethereal mirth,
 Wherewith the stage of Ayr and Earth did ring,
 And joyous news of heav'nly Infants birth,
 My muse with Angels did divide to sing;
 But headlong joy is ever on the wing,
 In Wintry solstice like the shortn'd light
 Soon swallow'd up in dark and long out-living night.

II.

For now to sorrow must I tune my song,
 And set my Harp to notes of saddest wo,
 Which on our dearest Lord did sease er'e long,
 Dangers, and snares, and wrongs, and worse then so,
 Which he for us did freely undergo.

Most perfect *Heroe*, try'd in heaviest plight
 Of labours huge and hard, too hard for human wight.

III.

He sov'ran Priest stooping his regal head
 That dropt with odorous oil down his fair eyes,
 Poor fleshly Tabernacle entered,
 His starry front low-rooft beneath the skies;
 O what a mask was there, what a disguise!

Yet more; the stroke of death he must abide,
 Then lies him meekly down fast by his Brethrens side.

IV.

These latest scenes confine my roving vers,
 To this Horizon is my *Phabus* bound,
 His Godlike acts; and his temptations fierce,
 And former sufferings other where are found;
 Loud o're the rest *Cremona's* Trump doth sound;
 Me softer airs besit, and softer strings
 Of Lute, or Viol still, more apt for mournful things.

V.

Befriend me night best Patroness of grief,
 Over the Pole thy thickest mantle throw,
 And work my flatter'd fancy to belief,
 That Heav'n and Earth are colour'd with my wo;
 My sorrows are too dark for day to know:

The leaves should all be black wheron I write,
 And letters where my tears have washt a wannish white.

VII. See

VI.

See see the Chariot, and those rushing wheels,
That whirl'd the Prophet up at *Chebar* flood,
My spirit som transporting *Cberub* feels,
To bear me where the Towers of *Salem* stood,
Once glorious Towers, now sunk in guiltless blood ;

There doth my soul in holy vision sit
In pensive trance, and anguish, and ecstasick fit,

VII.

Mine eye hath found that sad Sepulchral rock
That was the Casket of Heav'ns richest store,
And here though grief my feeble hands up lock,
Yet on the softned Quarry would I score
My plaining vers as lively as before ;

For sure so well instructed are my tears,
That they would fitly fall in order'd Characters.

VIII.

Or should I thence hurried on viewles wing,
Take up a weeping on the Mountains wilde,
The gentle neighbourhood of grove and spring
Would soon unbosom all their Echoes milde,
And I (for grief is easily beguild)

Might think th' infection of my sorrows loud,
Had got a race of mourners on som pregnant cloud.

This Subject the Author finding to be above the years he had, when he wrote it, and nothing to do with what was began, left it unfinished.

On Time.

Fly envious *Time*, till thou run out thy race,
 Call on the lazy leaden-stepping hours,
 Whose speed is but the heavy Plummets pace;
 And glut thy self with what thy womb devours,
 Which is no more then what is false and vain,
 And meerly mortal dross;
 So little is our loss,
 So little is thy gain.
 For when as each thing bad thou hast entomb'd,
 And last of all thy greedy self consum'd,
 Then long Eternity shall greet our bliss
 With an individual kiss;
 And Joy shall overtake us as a flood,
 When every thing that is sincerely good
 And perfectly divine,
 With Truth, and Peace, and Love shall ever shine
 About the supreme Throne
 Of him, t' whose happy-making sight alone,
 When once our heav'nly-guided soul shall clime,
 Then all this Earthy grossness quit,
 Attir'd with Stars, we shall for ever sit,
 Triumphant over Death, and Chance, and thee O *Time*.
Upon

Upon the Circumcision.

YE flaming Powers, and winged Warriours bright,
 That erst with Musick, and triumphant song
 First heard by happy watchful Shepherds ear,
 So sweetly sung your Joy the Clouds along
 Through the soft silence of the list'ning night;
 Now mourn, and if sad share with us to bear
 Your fiery essence can distill no tear,
 Burn in your sighs, and borrow
 Seas wept from our deep sorrow,
 He who with all Heav'ns heraldry while ear
 Enter'd the world, now bleeds to give us ease;
 Alas, how soon our sin

Sore doth begin

His Infancy to sease!

Oh more exceeding love or law more just?
 Just law indeed, but more exceeding love!
 For we by rightful doom remediles
 Were lost in death, till he that dwelt above
 High thron'd in secret bliss, for us frail dust
 Emptied his glory, ev'n to nakednes;
 And that great Cov'nant which we still transgress
 Intirely satisfi'd,

And

And the full wrath beside
 Of vengeful Justice bore for our excess,
 And seals obedience first with wounding smart
 This day, but O ere long
 Huge pangs and strong
 Will pierce more near his heart.

At a solemn Musick.

B Left pair of *Sirens*, pledges of Heav'n's joy,
 Sphear-born harmonious Sisters, Voice, and Vers,
 Wed your divine sounds, and mixt power employ
 Dead things with inbreath'd sense able to pierce,
 And to our high-rai'd phantasie present,
 That undisturbed Song of pure concent,
 Ay sung before the saphire-colour'd throne
 To him that sits thereon
 With Saintly shout, and solemn Jubily,
 Where the bright Seraphim in burning row
 Their loud up-lifted Angel trumpets blow,
 And the Cherubick host in thousand quires
 Touch their immortal Harps of golden wires,
 With those just Spirits that wear victorious Palms,
 Hymns devout and holy Psalms

Singing

Singing everlastingly ;
 That we on Earth with undifcording voice
 May rightly answer that melodious noise ;
 As once we did, till disproportion'd sin
 Jarr'd against natures chime, and with harsh din
 Broke the fair musick that all creatures made
 To their great Lord, whose love their motion sway'd
 In perfect Diapason, whilst they stood
 In first obedience, and their state of good.
 O may we soon again renew that Song,
 And keep in tune with Heav'n, till God ere long
 To his celestial comfort us unite,
 To live with him, and sing in endles morn of light.

An Epitaph on the Marchioness of *Winchester*.

THis rich Marble doth enterr
 The honour'd Wife of *Winchester*,
 A Vicounts daughter, an *Eales* heir,
 Besides what her vertues fair
 Added to her noble birth,
 More then she could own from Earth.
 Summers three times eight fave one
 She had told, alas too soon,

After

After so short time of breath,
 To house with darkness, and with death.
 Yet had the number of her days
 Bin as compleat as was her praise,
 Nature and fate had had no strife
 In giving limit to her life.
 Her high birth, and her graces sweet,
 Quickly found a lover meet ;
 The Virgin quire for her request
 The God that sits at marriage feast ;
 He at their invoking came
 But with a scarce-wel-lighted flame ;
 And in his Garland as he stood,
 Ye might discern a Cypress bud.
 Once had the early Matrons run
 To greet her of a lovely son,
 And now with second hope she goes,
 And calls *Lucina* to her throws ;
 But whether by mischance or blame
Atropos for *Lucina* came ;
 And with remorseless cruelty,
 Spoil'd at once both fruit and tree :
 The haples Babe before his birth
 Had burial, yet not laid in earth,

And the languisht Mothers Womb
 Was not long a living Tomb.
 So have I seen some tender slip
 Sav'd with care from Winters nip,
 The pride of her carnation train,
 Pluck't up by som unheedy swain,
 Who onely thought to crop the flowr
 New shot up from vernal showr;
 But the fair bloffom hangs the head
 Side-ways as on a dying bed,
 And those Pearls of dew she wears,
 Prove to be prefiging tears
 Which the sad morn had let fall
 On her hast'ning funerall,
 Gentle Lady may thy grave
 Peace and quiet ever have;
 After this thy travel fore
 Sweet rest sease thee evermore,
 That to give the world encrease,
 Shortned hast thy own lives lease;
 Here, besides the sorrowing
 That thy noble House doth bring,
 Here be tears of perfect moan
 Weept for thee in *Helicon*,

And

And from Flowers, and from Bays,
 For thy Hears to strew the ways,
 Sent thee from the banks of *Came*,
 Devoted to thy virtuous name,
 Whilst thou bright Saint high sit in glory,
 Next her much like to thee in story,
 That fair *Syrian* Shepherdess,
 Who after yeers of barrenness,
 The highly favour'd *Joseph* bore
 To him that serv'd for her before,
 And at her next birth much like thee,
 Through pangs fled to felicity,
 Far within the bosom bright
 Of blazing Majesty and Light,
 There with thee, new welcome Saint,
 Like fortunes may her soul acquaint,
 With thee there clad in radiant thee,
 No Marchioness, but now a Queen.

SONG.

(31)

SONG.

On *May Morning*.

Now the bright morning Star, Dayes harbinger,
Comes dancing from the East, and leads with her
The Flowry *May*, who from her green lap throws
The yellow Cowslip, and the pale Primrose.

Hail bounteous *May* that dost inspire
Mirth and youth and warm desire,
Woods and Groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and Dale doth boast thy blessing:
Thus we salute thee with our early Song,
And welcom thee, and wish thee long.

On *Shakespear*. 1630.

What needs my *Shakespear* for his honour'd Bones,
The labour of an age in piled Stones,
Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid
Under a Star-pointing Pyramid?
Dear son of memory, great heir of Fame,
What need'st thou such weak witnesses of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thy self a live-long Monument.

For

For whilst to th' shame of slow-endeavouring art,
 Thy easie numbers flow, and that each heart
 Hath from the leaves of thy unvalu'd Book,
 Those Delphick lines with deep impression took,
 Then thou our fancy of it self bereaving,
 Dost make us Marble with too much conceaving;
 And so Sepulcher'd in such pomp dost lie,
 That Kings for such a Tomb would wish to die.

*On the University Carrier, who sickn'd in the time
 of his vacancy, being forbid to go to London,
 by reason of the Plague.*

Here lies old *Hobson*, Death hath broke his girt,
 And here alas, hath laid him in the dirt,
 Or else the ways being foul, twenty to one,
 He's here stuck in a slough, and overthrown.
 'Twas such a shifter, that if truth were known,
 Death was half glad when he had got him down;
 For he had any time this ten yeers full,
 Dodg'd with him, betwixt *Cambridge* and the Bull.
 And surely, Death could never have prevail'd,
 Had not his weekly course of carriage fail'd;

But lately finding him so long at home,
 And thinking now his journeys end was come,
 And that he had tane up his latest Inne,
 In the kind office of a Chamberlin
 Shew'd him his room where he must lodge that night,
 Pull'd off his Boots, and took away the light :
 If any ask for him, it shall be sed,
Hobson has supt, and's newly gon to bed.

Another on the same.

HEre lieth one who did most truly prove,
 That he could never die while he could move,
 So hung his destiny never to rot
 While he might still jogg on and keep his trot,
 Made of sphear-metal, never to decay
 Untill his revolution was at stay.
 Time numbers motion, yet (without a crime
 'Gainst old truth) motion number'd out his time :
 And like an Engin mov'd with wheel and waight,
 His principles being ceast, he ended strait,
 Rest that gives all men life, gave him his death,
 And too much breathing put him out of breath ;

Nor were it contradiction to affirm
 Too long vacation hastned on his term,
 Meerly to drive the time away he sickn'd,
 Fainted, and died, nor would with Ale be quickn'd,
 Nay, quoth he, on his swooning bed out-stretch'd,
 If I may not carry, sure I'll ne're be fetch'd,
 But vow though the cross Doctors all stood hearers,
 For one Carrier put down to make six bearers.
 Ease was his chief disease, and to judge right,
 He di'd for heaviness that his Cart went light,
 His leasure told him that his time was com,
 And lack of load, made his life burdensom,
 That even to his last breath (ther be that say't)
 As he were prest to death, he cry'd more waight;
 But had his doings lasted as they were,
 He had been an immortal Carrier.
 Obedient to the Moon he spent his date
 In cours reciprocal, and had his fate
 Linkt to the mutual flowing of the Seas,
 Yet (strange to think) his wain was his increase:
 His Letters are deliver'd all and gon,
 Only remains this superscription.

L' Allegro.

Hence loathed Melancholy
 Of *Cerberus*, and blackest midnight born,
 In *Stygian* Cave forlorn.

'Mongst horrid shapes, and shreiks, and sights unholy,
 Find out some uncouth cell,

Where brooding darkness spreads his jealous wings,
 And the night-Raven sings ;

There under *Ebon* shades, and low-brow'd Rocks,
 As ragged as thy Locks,

In dark *Cimmerian* desert ever dwell.
 But com thou Goddess fair and free,
 In Heav'n ycleap'd *Euphrosyne*,
 And by men, heart-easing Mirth,
 Whom lovely *Venus* at a birth
 With two sister Graces more
 To Ivy-crowned *Bacchus* bore ;
 Or whether (as some Sager sing)
 The frolick Wind that breathes the Spring.
~~Zephir~~ with *Aurora* playing,
 As he met her once a Maying,
 There on Beds of Violets blew,
 And fresh-blown Roses washt in dew,

Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
 So buckfom, blith, and debonair.
 Haste thee nymph, and bring with thee
 Jest and youthful Jollity,
 Quips and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
 Nods, and Becks, and Wreathed Smiles,
 Such as hang on *Hebe's* cheek,
 And love to live in dimple sleek ;
 Sport that wrincled Care derides,
 And Laughter holding both his sides.
 Com, and trip it as you go
 On the light fantaſtick toe,
 And in thy right hand lead with thee,
 The Mountain Nymph, ſweet Liberty ;
 And if I give thee honour due,
 Mirth, admit me of thy crue
 To live with her, and live with thee,
 In unreproved pleasures free ;
 To hear the Lark begin his flight,
 And ſinging ſtartle the dull night,
 From his watch-towre in the ſkies,
 Till the dappled dawn doth riſe ;
 Then to com in ſpight of ſorrow,
 And at my window bid good morrow,

Though

Through the Sweet-Briar, or the Vine,
 Or the twisted Eglantine.
 While the Cock with lively din,
 Scatters the rear of darknes thin,
 And to the stack, or the Barn dore,
 Stoutly struts his Dames before,
 Oft list'ning how the Hounds and Horn
 Chearly rouse the slumbring morn,
 From the side of som Hoar Hill,
 Through the high wood echoing shrill.
 Som time walking not unseen
 By Hedge-row Elms, on Hillocks green,
 Right against the Eastern gate,
 Where the great Sun begins his state,
 Roab'd in flames, and Amber light,
 The clouds in thousand Liveries dight,
 While the Plowman neer at hand,
 Whistles ore the Furrow'd Land,
 And the Milkmaid singeth blithe,
 And the Mower whets his sithe,
 And every Shepherd tells his tale
 Under the Hawthorn in the dale.
 Streit mine eye hath caught new pleasures
 Whilst the Lantskip round it measures,

Russet Lawns, and Fallows Gray,
 Where the nibbling flocks do stray,
 Mountains on whose barren breast
 The labouring clouds do often rest:
 Meadows trim with Daisies pide,
 Shallow Brooks, and Rivers wide.
 Towers, and Battlements it sees
 Boosom'd high in tufted Trees,
 Wher perhaps som beauty lies,
 The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes.
 Hard by, a Cottage chimney smokes,
 From betwixt two aged Oakes,
 Where *Corydon* and *Thyrsis* met,
 Are at their savory dinner set
 Of Hearbs, and other Country Messes,
 Which the neat-handed *Phyllis* dresses;
 And then in haste her Bowre she leaves,
 With *Thelys* to bind the Sheaves;
 Or if the earlier season lead
 To the tann'd Haycock in the Mead,
 Some times with secure delight
 The up-land Hamlets will invite,
 When the merry Bells ring round,
 And the jocond rebecks sound

To many a youth, and many a maid,
 Dancing in the Chequer'd shade;
 And young and old com forth to play
 On a Sunshine Holyday,
 Till the live-long day-light fail,
 Then to the Spicy Nut-brown Ale,
 With stories told of many a feat,
 How *Faery Mab* the junkets eat,
 She was pincht, and pull'd she sed,
 And by the Friars Lanthorn led
 Tells how the drudging *Goblin* swet,
 To ern his Cream-bowle duly set,
 When in one night, ere glimps of morn,
 His shadowy Flae hath thresh'd the Corn,
 That ten day-labourers could not end,
 Then lies him down the Lubbar Fend.
 And stretch'd out all the Chimney's length,
 Basks at the fire his hairy strength;
 And Crop-full out of dores he flings,
 Ere the first Cock his Mattin rings.
 Thus done the Tales, to bed they creep,
 By whispering Winds soon lull'd asleep.
 Towred Cities please us then,
 And the busie humm of men,

Where throngs of Knights and Barons bold,
 In weeds of Peace high triumphs hold,
 With store of Ladies, whose bright eies
 Rain influence, and judge the prise,
 Of Wit, or Arms, while both contend
 To win her Grace, whom all commend,
 There let *Hymen* oft appear
 In Saffron robe, with Taper clear,
 And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
 With mask, and antique Pageantry,
 Such sights as youthful Poets dream
 On Summer eves by haunted stream.
 Then to the well-trod stage anon,
 If *Jonsons* learned Sock be on,
 Or sweetest *Shakespeare* fancies childe,
 Warble his native Wood-notes wilde,
 And ever against eating Cares,
 Lap me in soft *Lydian* Aires,
 Married to immortal verse
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce
 In notes, with many a winding bout
 Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
 With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
 The melting voice through mazes running;

Untwisting

Untwisting all the chains that ty
 The hidden soul of harmony.
 That *Orpheus* self may heave his head
 From golden slumber on a bed
 Of heapt *Elyfian* flowres, and hear
 Such streins as would have won the ear
 Of *Pluto*, to have quite set free
 His half regain'd *Enrydice*.
 These delights, if thou canst give,
 Mirth with thee, I mean to live.

Il Penseroso.

Hence vain deluding joyes,
 The brood of folly without father bred,
 How little you bested,
 Or fill the fixed mind with all your toyes;
 Dwell in some idle brain,
 And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
 As thick and numberless
 As the gay motes that people the Sun Beams,
 Or likest hovering dreams
 The fickle Pensioners of *Morpheus* train.

But

But hail thou Goddess, sage and holy,
 Hail divinest Melancholy,
 Whose Saintly visage is too bright
 To hit the Sense of human sight;
 And therefore to our weaker view,
 O're laid with black staid Wisdoms hue.
 Black, but such as in esteem,
 Prince *Memnon's* sister might beseeem,
 Or that starr'd *Ethiops* Queen that strove
 To set her beauties praise above
 The Sea Nymphs, and their powers offended,
 Yet thou art higher far descended,
 Thee bright-hair'd *Vesta* long of yore,
 To solitary *Saturn* bore;
 His daughter she (in *Saturn's* reign,
 Such mixture was not held a stain)
 Oft in glimmering Bowres, and glades
 He met her, and in secret shades
 Of woody *Ida's* inmost grove,
 While yet there was no fear of *Jove*.
 Com penfive Nun, devout and pure,
 Sober, stedfast, and demure,
 All in a robe of darkest grain,
 Flowing with majestick train,

And

And sable stole of *Cipres* Lawn,
 Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
 Com, but keep thy wonted state,
 With eev'n step, and musing gate,
 And looks commercing with the skies,
 Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:
 There held in holy passion still,
 Forget thy self to Marble, till
 With a sad Leaden downward cast,
 Thou fix them on the earth as fast.
 And joyn with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
 Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
 And hears the Muses in a ring,
 Ay round about *Joves* Altar sing.
 And adde to these retired leisure;
 That in trim Gardens takes his pleasure;
 But first, and chieftest, with thee bring,
 Him that yon soars on golden wing,
 Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
 The Cherub Contemplation,
 And the mute Silence hist along,
 'Lest *Philomel* will deign a Song,
 In her sweetest, saddest plight,
 Smoothing the rugged brow of night,

While

While *Cymbia* checks her Dragon yoke,
 Gently o're th'accustom'd Oke;
 Sweet Bird that shunn't the noise of folly,
 Most musical, most Melancholy!
 Thee Chauntress oft the Woods among,
 I woo to hear thy Even-Song;
 And missing thee, I walk unseen
 On the dry smooth-shaven Green,
 To behold the wandring Moon,
 Riding neer her highest noon,
 Like one that had bin led astray
 Through the Heav'n's wide pathles way;
 And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
 Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
 Oft on a Plat of rising ground,
 I hear the far-off *Curses* sound,
 Over some wide-water'd shoar,
 Swinging slow with fullen roar;
 Or if the Ayr will not permit,
 Som still removed place will fit,
 Where glowing Embers through the room
 Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
 Far from all resort of mirth.
 Save the Cricket on the hearth,

Or the Belmans drowfie charm,
 To blefs the dores from nightly harm :
 Or let my Lamp at midnight hour,
 Be feen in fome high lonely Tower,
 Where I may oft out-watch the *Bear*,
 With thrice great *Hermes*, or unſpear.
 The ſpirit of *Plato* to unfold
 What Worlds, or what vaſt Regions hold
 The immortal mind that hath forſook
 Her manſion in this fleſhly nook :
 And of thoſe *Demons* that are found
 In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
 Whoſe power hath a true conſent
 With Planet, or with Element.
 Som time let Gorgeous Tragedy
 In Scepter'd Pall com ſweeping by,
 Preſenting *Thebs*, or *Pelops* line,
 Or the tale of *Troy* divine.
 Or what (though rare) of later age,
 Ennobled hath the Buſkind ſtage.
 But, O ſad Virgin, that thy power
 Might raiſe *Mufeus* from his bower,
 Or bid the ſoul of *Orpheus* ſing
 Such notes as warbled to the ſtring,

Drew

Drew Iron tears down *Pluto's* cheek,
 And made Hell grant what Love did seek,
 Or call up him that left half told
 The story of *Cambuscan* bold,
 Of *Camball*, and of *Algarfise*,
 And who had *Canace* to wife,
 That own'd the vertuous Ring and Glass,
 And of the wondrous Hors of Brass,
 On which the *Tartar* King did ride;
 And if bought els, great *Bards* beside,
 In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
 Of Turneys and of Trophies hung;
 Of Forests, and enchantments drear,
 Where more is meant then meets the ear,
 Thus night oft see me in thy pale career,
 Till civil-suited Morn appeer,
 Not trickt and frounc't as she was wont,
 With the Attick Boy to hunt,
 But Chercheſ't in a comely Cloud,
 While rocking Winds are Piping loud,
 Or usher'd with a shower still,
 When the gulf hath blown his fill,
 Ending on the rusling Leaves,
 With minute drops from off the Eaves.

And

And when the Sun begins to fling
 His flaring beams, me Goddess bring
 To arched walks of twilight groves,
 And shadows brown that *Sylvan* loves
 Of Pine, or monumental Oake,
 Where the rude Ax with heaved stroke,
 Was never heard the Nymphs to daunt,
 Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.
 There in close covert by some Brook,
 Where no prophaner eye may look,
 Hide me from Day's garish eie,
 While the Bee with Honied thie,
 That at her flowry work doth sing.
 And the Waters murmuring
 With such consort as they keep,
 Entice the dewy-feather'd Sleep;
 And let som strange mysterious dream,
 Wave at his Wings in Airy stream,
 Of lively portrature display'd,
 Softly on my eye-lids laid.
 And as I wake, sweet musick breath
 Above, about, or underneath,
 Sent by som spirit to mortals good,
 Or th'unseen Genius of the Wood.

But

But let my due feet never fail,
 To walk the studious Cloysters pale.
 And love the high embowed Roof,
 With antick Pillars massy proof,
 And storied Windows richly dight,
 Casting a dimm religious light.
 There let the pealing Organ blow,
 To the full voic'd Quire below,
 In Service high, and Anthems cleer,
 As may with sweetnes, through mine ear,
 Dissolve me into extasies,
 And bring all Heav'n before mine eyes.
 And may at last my weary age
 Find out the peacefull hermitage,
 The Hairy Gown and Mossy Cell,
 Where I may sit and rightly spell
 Of every Star that Heav'n doth shew,
 And every Herb that sips the dew;
 Till old experience do attain
 To something like Prophetic strain.
 These pleasures *Melancholy* give,
 And I with thee will choose to live.

SONNETS.

I.

O Nightingale, that on yon bloomy Spray
 Warbl'st at eve, when all the Woods are still,
 Thou with fresh hope the Lovers heart dost fill,
 While the jolly hours lead on propitious May,
 Thy liquid notes that close the eye of Day,
 First heard before the shallow Cuckoo's bill
 Portend success in love ; O if *Jove's* will
 Have linkt that amorous power to thy soft lay,
 Now timely sing, ere the rude Bird of Hate
 Foretell my hopeles doom in som Grove ny :
 As thou from year to year hast sung too late
 For my relief ; yet hadst no reason why,
 Whether the Muse, or Love call thee his mate,
 Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

II.

*Donna leggiadra il cui bel nome honora
 L'herbosa val di Rheno, e il nobil marco,
 Bene è colui d'ogni valore scarco
 Qual tuo spirito gentil non innamora,
 Che dolcemente mostra sì di fuora
 De sui atti seavi giamai parco,*

D.

Ei

E i don', che son d'amor fiette ed arco.

La onde l'alta inspira l'effluvio.

Quando tu vaga parli, o lieta canti

Che mover possa duro alpestre legno,

Guardi ciascuno a' gli occhi, ed a' gli orecchi

L'entrata, chi di te si truova indegno;

Gratia sola di su gl'vaglia, inanti

Che'l disio amoroso al enor s'invècchi.

III.

Qual in colle aspro, al imbrunir di sera

L'avezza giovinetta pastorella

Va bagnando l'herbetta strana e bella

Che mal si spande a disusata spera

Fuor di sua natia alma primavera,

Così amor meco insu la lingua suella

Destà il fior novo di stranìa favella,

Mentr'io di te, vezzosamente altera,

Canto, dal mio buon popol non inteso

E'l bel Tamigi cangio col bel Arno.

Amor lo volse, ed io a l'altrei peso

Seppi ch' Amor cosa mai vòlse indarno.

Deb! foss' il mio cuor lento e'l duro seno

A chi pianta dal ciel si buon terreno.

Canzone.

Canzone.

R Idonfi donne e giovani amorosi
 M' accostandosi attorno, e perche scrivi,
 Perche tu scrivi in lingua ignota e strana
 Verseggiando d'amor, e come t'osi?
 Dinne, se la tua speme sia mai vana,
 E de pensieri lo miglior t' arrivi;
 Così mi van burlando, altri rivi
 Altri lidi t' aspettan, & altre onde
 Nelle cui verdi sponde
 Spuntati ad hor, ad hor a la tua chioma
 L'immortal guiderdon d'eterni frandi
 Perche alle spalle tue soverchia soma?
 Canzon dirotti, e tu per me rispondi
 Dice mia Donna, e'l suo dir, e il mio cuore
 Questa e lingua di cui si vanta Amore.

IV.

Diodati, e te'l dirò con maraviglia,
 Quel ritroso io ch' amor spreggiar solea
 E de suoi lacci spesso mi ridea
 Già caddi, ov' huom dabben talhor s'impiglia.
 Ne treccie d'oro, ne guancia vermiglia
 M' abbaglian sì, ma sotto nova idea
 Pellegrina bellezza che'l cuor bea,
 Portamenti alti honesti, e nelle ciglia

*Quel sereno fulgor d' amabil nero,
 Parole adorne di lingua piu d' una,
 E' l' cantar che di mezzo l' hemispero
 Traviar ben puo la faticosa Luna,
 E degli occhi suoi auventa si gran fuoto
 Che l'incerar gli orecchi mi fia poco.*

V.

*Per certo i bei vostr'occhi, Donna mia
 Esser non puo che non fian lo mio sole
 Si mi percuoton forte, come ei suole
 Per l'arene di Libia chi s'inuia,
 Mentre un caldo vapor (ne senti pria)
 Da quel lato si spinge ove mi duole,
 Che forse amanti nelle lor parole
 Chiaman sospir: io non so che si sia:
 Parte rinchiusa, e turbida si cela
 Scozzo mi il petto, e poi n'uscendo poco
 Quiui d'attorno o s'agghiaccia, o s'ingiela;
 Ma quanto a gli occhi giunge e trovar loco
 Tutte le notti a me suol far pioverse
 Finche mia Alba riuien colma di rose.*

VI.

*Giovane piano, e semplicetto amante
 Poi che fuggir me stesso indubbio sono,*

Madonna

*Madonna a voi del mio cuor l'humil dono
 Farò divoto ; io certo a prove tante
 L'ebbi fedele, intrepido, costante,
 De pensieri leggiadro, accorto, e buono ;
 Quando rugge il gran mondo, e scocca il tuono,
 S'arma di se, d' intero diamante,
 Tanto del forse, e d' invidia sicuro,
 Di timori, e speranze al popol use
 Quanto d'ingegno, e d' alto valor vago,
 E di cetra sonora, e delle muse :
 Sol troverete in tal parte men duro
 Ove amor mise l'insanabil ago.*

VII.

How soon hath time the suttie thief of youth,
 Soln on his wing my three and twentieth yeer !
 My hasting dayes flie on with full career,
 But my late spring no bud or blossom shew' th.
 Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,
 That I to manhood am arriv'd so near,
 And inward ripenes doth much less appear,
 That som more timely-happy spirits indu' th.
 Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
 It shall be still in strictest measure eev'n,
 To that same lot, however mean or high,

Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heav'n;
 All is, if I have grace to use it so,
 As ever in my great task Masters eye.

VIII.

Captain or Colonel, or Knight in Arms,
 Whose chance on these defenceless dores may cease,
 If deed of honour did thee ever please,
 Guard them, and him within protect from harms,
 He can requite thee, for he knows the charms
 That call Fame on such gentle acts as these,
 And he can spread thy Name o're Lands and Seas,
 What ever clime the Suns bright circle warms.

Lift not thy spear against the Muses Bowre,
 The great *Emathian* Conqueror bid spare
 The house of *Pindarus*, when Temple and Towre
 Went to the ground: And the repeated air
 Of sad *Eleſſra's* Poet had the power
 To save th' *Athenian* Walls from ruine bare.

IX.

Lady that in the prime of earliest youth,
 Wisely hast shun'd the broad way and the green,
 And with those few art eminently seen,
 That labour up the Hill of heav'nly Truth,
 The better part with *Mary* and with *Ruth*,

Chosen

Chosen thou hast, and they that overween,
 And at thy growing vertues fret their spleen,
 No anger find in thee, but pity and ruth.
 Thy care is fixt and zealously attends
 To fill thy odorous Lamp with deeds of light,
 And Hope that reaps not shame. Therefore be sure
 Thou, when the Bridegroom with his feastfull friends
 Passes to bliss at the mid hour of night,
 Hast gain'd thy entrance, Virgin wise and pure.

X.

Daughter to that good Earl, once President
 Of *Englands* Counsel, and her Treasury,
 Who liv'd in both, unstain'd with gold or fee.
 And left them both, more in himself content,
 Till the sad breaking of that Parliament
 Broke him, as that dishonest victory
 At *Cheronta*, fatal to liberty
 Kill'd with report that Old man eloquent,
 Though later born, then to have known the dayes
 Wherin your Father flourish'd, yet by you,
 Madam, methinks I see him living yet;
 So well your words his noble vertues praise,
 That all both judge you to relate them true,
 And to possess them, Honour'd *Margaret*.

A Book was writ of late call'd *Tetrachordon*;
 And wov'n close, both matter, form and stile;
 The Subject new: it walk'd the Town a while,
 Numbring good intellects; now seldom por'd on.
 Cries the stall-reader, blefs us! what a word on

A title page is this! and some in file
 Stand spelling fals, while one might walk to Mile-
 End Green, Why is harder Sirs then Gordon,
 Coliktto, or Macdonnel, or Galasp?

Those rugged names to our like mouths grow sleek
 That would have made *Quintilian* stare and gasp.

Thy age, like ours, O Soul of Sir *John Cheek*,
 Hated not Learning wors then Toad or Asp; (Greek,
 When thou taught'st *Cambridge*, and King *Edward*

XII. *On the same.*

I did but prompt the age to quit their cloggs
 By the known rules of antient libertie,
 When firait a barbarous noise environs me
 Of Owles and Cuckoes, Affes, Apes and Doggs.
 As when those Hinds that were transform'd to Froggs
 Raild at *Latona's* twin-born progenie
 Which after held the Sun and Moon in fee.
 But this is got by casting Pearl to Hoggs;

That

That bawle for freedom in their senceless mood,
 And still revolt when truth would set them free.
 Licence they mean when they cry libertie;
 For who loves that, must first be wise and good;
 But from that mark how far they roave we see
 For all this wast of wealth, and loss of blood.

To Mr. H. Lawes, on his Aires.

XIII.

Harry whose tuneful and well measur'd Song
 First taught our English Musick how to span
 Words with just note and accent, not to scan
 With *Midas* Ears, committing short and long;
 Thy worth and skill exempts thee from the throng,
 With praise enough for Envy to look wan;
 To after age thou shalt be writ the man,
 That with smooth aire couldst humor best our tongue.
 Thou honour'st Verse, and Verse must send her wing
 To honour thee, the Priest of *Phœbus* Quire
 That tun'st their happiest lines in Hymn, or Story.
Dante shall give Fame leave to set thee higher
 Then his *Casella*, whom he woo'd to sing
 Met in the milder shades of Purgatory.

When Faith and Love which parted from thee never,
 Had ripen'd thy just soul to dwell with God,
 Meekly thou didst resign this earthy load
 Of Death, call'd Life ; which us from Life doth sever.
 Thy Works and Alms and all thy good Endeavour
 Staid not behind, nor in the grave were trod ;
 But as Faith pointed with her golden rod,
 Follow'd thee up to joy and bliss for ever.
 Love led them on, and Faith who knew them best
 Thy hand-maids, clad them o're with purple beams
 And azure wings, that up they flew so drest,
 And speak the truth of thee on glorious Theams
 Before the Judge, who thenceforth bid thee rest
 And drink thy fill of pure immortal streams.

On the late Massacher in Piemont.

Avenge O Lord thy slaughter'd Saints, whose bones
 Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold,
 Ev'n them who kept thy truth so pure of old
 When all our Fathers worship't Stocks and Stones,
 Forget not : in thy book record their groanes
 Who were thy Sheep and in their antient Fold
 Slain

Slain by the bloody *Piemontese* that roll'd
 Mother with Infant down the Rocks: Their moans
 The Vales redoubl'd to the Hills, and they
 To Heav'n. Their martyr'd blood and ashes so
 O're all th' *Italian* fields where still doth sway
 The triple Tyrant: that from these may grow
 A hunder'd-fold, who having learnt thy way
 Early may fly the *Babylonian* wo:

XVI.

When I consider how my light is spent,
 E're half my days, in this dark world and wide,
 And that one Talent which is death to hide,
 Lodg'd with me useless, though my Soul more bent
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present
 My true account, least he returning chide,
 Doth God exact day-labour, light deny'd,
 I fondly ask; But patience to prevent
 That murmur, soon replies, God doth not need
 Either man's work or his own gifts, who best
 Bear his milde yolk, they serve him best, his State
 Is Kingly. Thousands at his bidding speed
 And post o're Land and Ocean without rest:
 They also serve who only stand and waite.

Lawrence of vertuous Father vertuous Son,
 Now that the Fields are dank, and ways are mire,
 Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire
 Help wast a fullen day; what may be won
 From the hard Season gaining: time will run
 On smoother, till *Favonius* re-inspire
 The frozen earth; and cloth in fresh attire
 The Lillie and Rose, that neither sow'd nor spun.
 What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,
 Of Attick tast, with Wine, whence we may rise
 To hear the Lute well toucht, or artfull voice
 Warble immortal Notes and *Tuskan* Ayre?
 He who of those delights can judge, And spare
 To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

XVIII.

Cyriack, whose Grandfire on the Royal Bench
 Of Brittish *Themis*, with with no mean applause
 Pronounc't and in his volumes taught our Lawes,
 Which others at their Barr so often wrench;
 To day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench
 In mirth, that after no repenting drawes;
 Let *Euclid* rest and *Archimedes* pause,
 And what the *Swede* intend, and what the *French*.

To measure life, learn thou betimes, and know
 Toward solid good what leads the nearest way;
 For other things mild Heav'n a time ordains,
 And disapproves that care, though wise in show,
 That with superfluous burden loads the day,
 And when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains.

X I X.

Methought I saw my late espoused Saint
 Brought to me like *Alees* from the grave,
 Whom *Joves* great Son to her glad Husband gave,
 Rescu'd from death by force though pale and faint.
 Mine as whom washt from spot of child-bed taint,
 Purification in the old Law did save,
 And such, as yet once more I trust to have
 Full sight of her in Heaven without restraint,
 Came vested all in white, pure as her mind:
 Her face was vail'd, yet to my fancied sight,
 Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shin'd
 So clear, as in no face with more delight.
 But O as to embrace me she inclin'd
 I wak'd, she fled, and day brought back my night.

The Fifth Ode of Horace. Lib. I.

*Quis multa gracilis te puer in Rosa, Rendred
almost word for word without Rhyme accord-
ing to the Latin Measure, as near as the Lan-
guage will permit.]*

WHat slender Youth bedew'd with liquid odours
Courts thee on Roses in some pleasant Cave,
Pyrrha for whom bindst thou
In wreaths thy golden Hair,
Plain in thy neatness; O how oft shall he
On Faith and changed Gods complain: and Seas
Rough with black winds and storms
Unwonted shall admire:
Who now enjoys thee credulous, all Gold,
Who alwayes vacant alwayes amiable
Hopes thee; of flattering gales
Unmindfull. Hapless they
To whom thou untry'd seem'st fair. Me in my vow'd
Picture the sacred wall declares t' have hung
My dank and dropping weeds
To the stern God of Sea.

AD PYRRHAM. Ode V.

Horatius ex Pyrrhæ illecebris tanquam è nau-
fragio enataverat, cujus amore irretitos, af-
firmat esse miseros..

Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa
Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus,
Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro?
Cui flavam religas comam
Simplex munditiæ? heu quoties fidem
Mutatosque deos flebit, & aspera
Nigris æquora ventis
Emirabitur insolens,
Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aurea:
Qui semper vacuam, semper amabilem
Sperat, nescius aureæ
Fallacis. miseri quibus
Intentata nites. me tabula sacer
Votiva paries indicat uvida
Suspendisse potenti
Vestimenta maris Deo.

Anno

Anno Ætatis 19. *At a Vacation Exercise in the Colledge, part Latin, part English. The Latin speeches ended, the English thus began.*

HAil native Language, that by sinews weak
 Didst move my first endeavouring tongue to speak,
 And mad'st imperfect words with childish tripp s,
 Half unpronounc't, slide through my infant-lipps,
 Driving dum silence from the portal dore,
 Where he had mutely sate two years before :
 Here I salute thee and thy pardon ask,
 That now I use thee in my latter task :
 Small los it is that thence can come unto thee,
 I know my tongue but little Grace can do thee :
 Thou needst not be ambitious to be first,
 Believe me I have thither packt the worst :
 And, if it happen as I did forecast,
 The daintest dishes shall be serv'd up last.
 I pray thee then deny me not thy aide
 For this same small neglect that I have made :
 But haste thee strait to do me once a Pleasure,
 And from thy wardrobe bring thy chiefeft treasure ;
 Not those new fangled toys, and trimming slight
 Which takes our late fantasticks with delight,

But

But cull those richest Robes, and gay'st attire
 Which deepest Spirits, and choicest Wits desire :
 I have some tix'd thoughts that rove about
 And loudly knock to have their passage out ;
 And wearie of their place do only stay
 Till thou hast deck't them in thy best array ;
 That so they may without suspect or fears
 Fly swiftly to this fair Assembly's ears ;
 Yet I had rather, if I were to chuse,
 Thy service in some graver subject use,
 Such as may make thee search thy coffers round,
 Before thou cloath my fancy in fit sound :
 Such where the deep transported mind may soare
 Above the wheeling poles, and at Heav'ns dore
 Look in, and see each blisful Deitie
 How he before the thunderous throne doth lie,
 Listening to what unshorn *Apollo* sings
 To th' touch of golden wires, while *Hebe* brings
 Immortal Nectar to her Kingly Sire :
 Then passing through the Spawse of watchful fire,
 And mistie Regions of wide air next under,
 And hills of Snow and lofts of piled Thunder,
 May tell at length how green-ey'd *Neptune* raves,
 In Heav'ns defiance mustering all his waves ;

E

Then

Then sing of secret things that came to pass
 When Beldam Nature in her cradle was
 And last of Kings and Queens and Hero's old,
 Such as the wise *Demodocus* once told
 In solemn Songs at King *Aleinous* feast
 While sad *Ulysses* soul and all the rest
 Are held with his melodious harmonic
 In willing chains and sweet captivity
 But fie my wandring Muse how thou dost stray!
 Expectance calls thee now another way,
 Thou know'st it must be now thy only bent
 To keep in compass of thy Predicament;
 Then quick about thy purpos'd business come,
 That to the next I may resign my Roome.

Then *Ens* is represented as Father of the *Predicaments* his ten Sons, whereof the *Eldes* stood for Substance with his *Canons*, which *Ens* thus speaking, explains.

Good luck befriend thee Son; for at thy birth
 The Faery Ladies daunc'd upon the hearth;
 Thy drowlie Nurse bath sworn she did them spie
 Come tripping to the Room where thou didst lie;

And

And sweetly finging round about thy Bed
 Strew all their blessings on thy sleeping Head:
 She heard them give thee this, that thou should'st still
 From eyes of mortals walk invisible,
 Yet there is something that doth force my fear,
 For once it was my dismal hap to hear
 A Sybil old, bow-bent with crooked age,
 That far events full wisely could presage,
 And in times long and dark Prospective Glass
 Fore-saw what future dayes should bring to pass,
 Your Son, said she, (nor can you it prevent)
 Shall subject be to many an Accident,
 O're all his Brethren he shall Reign as King,
 Yet every one shall make him underling,
 And those that cannot live from him a fender
 Ungratefully shall strive to keep him under,
 In worth and excellence he shall out-go them,
 Yet being above them, he shall be below them;
 From others he shall stand in need of nothing,
 Yet on his Brothers shall depend for Cloathing.
 To find a Foe it shall not be his hap,
 And peace shall lull him in her flowry lap;
 Yet shall he live in strife, and at his dore
 Devouring war shall never cease to roare:

Yea it shall be his natural property
 To harbour those that are at enmity,
 What power, what force, what mighty spell, if not
 Your learned hands, can loose this Gordian knot?

*The next Quantity and Quality, spake in Prose,
 then Relation was call'd by his Name.*

Rivers arise; whether thou be the Son,
 Of utmost *Tweed*, or *Ouse*, or gulphie *Dun*,
 Or *Trent*, who like some earth-born Giant spreads
 His thirty Armes along the indented Meads,
 Or fullen Mole that rinneeth underneath,
 Or *Severn* swift, guilty of Maidens death,
 Or *Rockie Avon*, or of *Sedgie Lee*,
 Or *Coaly Tint*, or antient hollowed *Der*,
 Or *Humber* loud that keeps the *Scythians* Name,
 Or *Medway* smooth, or *Royal Towred Thame*.

The rest was Prose.

*On the new forcers of Conscience under the
Long PARLIAMENT.*

BEcause you have thrown of your Prelate Lord,
And with stiff Vowes renounc'd his Liturgie
To scise the widdow'd whore Pluralitie
From them whose sin ye envi'd, not abhor'd,
Dare ye for this adjure the Civill Sword
To force our Consciences that Christ set free,
And ride us with a classic Hierarchy
Taught ye by meer *A. S.* and *Rotherford*?
Men whose Life, Learning, Faith and pure intent
Would have been held in high esteem with *Paul*
Must now be nam'd and printed Hereticks
By shallow *Edwards* and Scotch what d' ye call:
But we do hope to find out all your tricks,
Your plots and packing wors then those of *Trent*,
That so the Parliament
May with their wholsom and preventive Shears
Clip your Phylacteries, though bank your Ears,
And succour our just Fears
When they shall read this clearly in your charge
New Presbyter is but *Old Priest* writ Large.

ARCADES.

Part of an Entertainment presented to the Countess Dowager of Darby at Harefield, by some Noble Persons of her Family, who appear on the Scene in Pastoral Habit, moving toward the seat of State, with this Song.

I. SONG.

Look Nymphs, and Shepherds look,
What sudden blaze of Majesty
Is that which we from hence descry
Too divine to be mistook:

This this is she
To whom our vows and wishes bend,
Heer our solemn search hath end.

Fame that her high worth to raise,
Seem'd erst so lavish and profuse,
We may justly now accuse
Of detraction from her praise,
Less then half we find express,
Envy bid conceal the rest.

Mark what radiant state she spreads,
In circle round her shining throne,

Shooting

Shooting her beams like silver threads,

This this is she alone,

Sitting like a Goddess bright,

In the center of her light.

Might she the wise *Latona* be,

Or the towred *Cybele*,

Mother of a hundred gods;

Juno dare's not give her odds;

Who had thought this cline had held

A deity so unparalel'd?

As they come forward, the Genius of the Wood appears, and turning toward them, speaks.

GEN. Stay gentle Swains, for though in this disguise,
I see bright honour sparkle through your eyes,

Of famous *Arcady* ye are, and sprung

Of that renowned flood, so often sung,

Divine *Alpheus*, who by secret fluse,

Stole under Seas to meet his *Aretbuse*;

And ye the breathing Roses of the Wood,

Fair silver-buskin'd Nymphs as great and good,

I know this quest of yours, and free intent

Was all in honour and devotion ment

To the great Mistress of yon princely shrine,
 Whom with low reverence I adore as mine,
 And with all helpful service will comply
 To further this nights glad solemnity;
 And lead ye where ye may more near behold
 What shallow-searching *Fame* hath left untold;
 Which I full oft amidst these shades alone
 Have fate to wonder at, and gaze upon:
 For know by lot from *Jove* I am the power
 Of this fair Wood, and live in Oak'n bowr,
 To nurse the Saplings tall, and curl the grove.
 With Ringlets quaint; and wanton windings wove,
 And all my Plants I save from nightly ill,
 Of noisom winds, and blasting vapours chill.
 And from the Boughs brush off the evil dew,
 And heal the harms of thwarting thunder blew,
 Or what the cross dire-looking Planet smites,
 Or hurtfull Worm with canker'd venom bites.
 When Ev'ning gray doth rise, I fetch my round
 Over the mount, and all this hallow'd ground,
 And early ere the odorous breath of morn
 Awakes the slumbring leaves, or tasseld horn
 Shakes the high thicker, haste I all about,
 Number my ranks, and visit every sprout

With

With puissant words, and murmurs made to bleſs,
 But els in deep of night when drowſines
 Hath lock't up mortal ſenſe, then liſten I
 To the celeftial *Sirens* harmony,
 That fit upon the nine enfolded Sphears,
 And ſing to thoſe that hold the vital ſhears,
 And turn the Adamantine ſpindle round,
 On which the fate of gods and men is wound.
 Such ſweet compulſion doth in muſick ly,
 To lull the daughters of *Necceſſity*,
 And keep unſteddy Nature to her law,
 And the low world in meaſur'd motion draw
 After the heavenly tune, which none can hear
 Of human mould with groſs unpurged ear;
 And yet ſuch muſick worthieſt were to blaze
 The peerles height of her immortal praiſe,
 Whoſe luſtre leads us, and for her moſt fit,
 If my inferior hand or voice could hit
 Inimitable ſounds, yet as we go,
 What ere the ſkill of leſſer gods can ſhow,
 I will aſſay, her worth to celebrate,
 And ſo attend ye toward her glittering ſtate;
 Where ye may all that are of noble ſtemm
 Approach, and kiſs her ſacred veſtures hemm.

2. SONG.

O'Re the smooth enamel'd green
Where no print of step hath been,

Follow me as I sing,

And touch the warbled string.

Under the shady roof

Of branching Elm-Star-proof.

Follow me,

I will bring you where the fits

Clad in splendor as befits

Her deity.

Such a rural Queen

All *Arcadia* hath not seen.

3. SONG.

Nymphs and Shepherds dance no more
By sandy *Ladons* Lillied banks,

On old *Lyceus* or *Cyllene* hoar,

Trip no more in twilight ranks,

Though *Erymanth* your loss deplore,

A better soyl shall give ye thanks:

From the stony *Menalus*,

Bring your Flocks, and live with us,

Here

Here ye shall have greater grace,
To serve the Lady of this place.

Though *Syrinx* your *Pans* Mistress were,
Yet *Syrinx* well might wait on her.

Such a rural Queen

All *Arcadia* hath not seen,

LYCIDAS.

In this Monody the Author bewails a learned Friend, unfortunately drown'd in his passage from Chester on the Irish Seas, 1637. And by occasion foretells the ruine of our corrupted Clergie then in their height.

YEt once more, O ye Laurels, and once more

Ye Myrtles brown, with Ivy never fear,

I com to pluck your Berries harsh and crude,

And with forc'd fingers rude,

Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.

Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,

Compells me to disturb your season due :

For *Lycidas* is dead, dead ere his prime,

Young *Lycidas*, and hath not left his peer :

Who would not sing for *Lycidas* ? he knew

Himself

Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme;
 He must not stoop upon his watry bear,
 Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
 Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well,
 That from beneath the seat of *Jove* doth spring,
 Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.

Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse,
 So may some gentle Muse
 With lucky words favour my destin'd Urn,
 And as he passes turn,
 And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.
 For we were nurs'd upon the self-same hill,
 Fed the same flock; by fountain, shade, and rill.

Together both, ere the high Lawns appear'd
 Under the opening eye-lids of the morn,
 We drove a field, and both together heard
 What time the Gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
 Batt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
 Oft till the Star that rose, at Ev'ning, bright,
 Toward Heav'n's descent had slop'd his westering wheel.
 Mean while the Rural ditties were not mute,
 Temper'd to th' Oaten Flute,
 Rough *Satyrs* danc'd, and *Fawns* with clov'n heel,
 From

From the glad sound would not be absent long,
And old *Dametas* lov'd to hear our song.

But O the heavy change, now thou art gon,
Now thou art gon, and never must return!
Thee Shepherd, thee the Woods, and desert Caves,
With wilde Thyme and the gadding Vine o'regrown,
And all their echoes mourn.

The Willows, and the Hazle Coples green,
Shall now no more be seen,
Fanning their joyous Leaves to thy soft layes,
As killing as the Canker to the Rose,

Or Taint-worm to the weanling Herds that graze,
Or Frost to Flowers, that their gay wardrop wear,
When first the White Thorn blows;
Such, *Lycidas*, thy loss to Shepherds ear.

Where were ye Nymphs when the remorseless deep
Clos'd o're the head of your lov'd *Lycidas*?

For neither were ye playing on the steep,

Where your old *Bards*, the famous *Druids*, ly,

Nor on the shaggy top of *Mona* high,

Nor yet where *Deua* spreads her wisard stream:

Ay me, I fondly dream!

Had ye bin there---for what could that have don?

What could the Muse her self that *Orpheus* bore,

The

The Muse her self for her enchanting son
Whom Universal nature did lament,
When by the rout that made the hideous roar,
His goary visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift *Hebrus* to the *Lesbian* shore.

Alas! What boots it with uncessant care
To end the homely slighted Shepherds trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse,
Were it not better don as others use,
To sport with *Amaryllis* in the shade,
Or with the tangles of *Neera's* hair?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of Noble mind)
To scorn delights, and live laborious days;
But the fair Guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind *Fury* with th'abhorred shears,
And slits the thin spun life. But not the praise,
Phæbus repl'd, and touch'd my trembling ears;
Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glittering soil
Set off to th'world, nor in broad rumour lies,
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
And perfect witness of all-judging *Jove*;

As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in Heav'n expect thy meed.

O Fountain *Aretuse*, and thou honour'd fount,
Smooth-sliding *Mincius*, crown'd with vocal reeds,
That strain I heard was of a higher mood:
But now my Oat proceeds,
And listens to the Herald of the Sea
That came in *Neptune's* plea.
He ask'd the Waves, and ask'd the Fellon Winds,
What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain?
And question'd every gust of rugged wings
That blows from off each beaked Promontory:
They knew not of his story,
And sage *Hippocles* their answer brings,
That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd,
The Air was calm, and on the level brine,
Sleek *Panope* with all her sisters play'd,
It was that fatal and perfidious Bark
Built in th' eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.
Next *Camus*, reverend Sire, went footing slow,
His Mantle hairy, and his Bonnet sedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that sanguine flower inscrib'd with woe.

Ah!

Ah; Who hath rest (quoth he) my dearest pledge?
 Last came, and last did go,
 The Pilot of the *Galilean* lake,
 Two maffy Keyes he bore of metals twain,
 (The Golden opes, the Iron shuts amain)
 He shook his Miter'd locks, and stern belpake,
 How well could I have spar'd for thee, young swain,
 Anow of such as for their bollies sake,
 Creep and intrude, and climb into the fold?
 Of other care they little reck ning make,
 Then how to scramble at the sheeters' least,
 And shove away the worthy bidden guest,
 Blind mouthes! that scarce themselves know how to hold
 A Sheep-hook, or have learn'd ought els the least
 That to the faithful Herdsmans art belongs!
 What recks it them? What need they? They are sped;
 And when they list, their lean and rashy longs
 Grate on their scanter Pipes of wretched straw,
 The hungry Sheep look up, and are not fed,
 But swoln with wind, and the rank murr they draw,
 Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread:
 Besides what the grim Woolf with privy paw
 Daily devours apace, and nothing fed,

But that two-handed engine at the door,
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.

Return *Alpheus*, the dread voice is past,
That shrunk thy streams ; Return *Sicilian* Muse,
And call the Vales, and bid them hither cast
Their Bells, and Flourets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low where the milde whispers use,
Of shades and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart Star sparely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enameld eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honied showres,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowres.
Bring the rathe Primrose that forsaken dies.
The tufted Crow-toe, and pale Gessamine,
The white Pink, and the Pansie freakt with jeat,
The glowing Violet.
The Musk-rose, and the well attir'd Woodbine,
With Cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears :
Bid *Amarantus* all his beauty shed,
And Daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the Laureat Herse where *Lycid* lies.
For so to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.

Ay me! Whilst thee the shores, and sounding Seas
 Wash far away, where ere thy bones are hurl'd,
 Whether beyond the stormy *Hebrides*
 Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
 Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;
 Or whether thou to our moist vows deny'd,
 Sleep'st by the fable of *Bellerus* old,
 Where the great vision of the guarded Mount
 Looks toward *Namancos* and *Bayona's* hold;
 Look homeward Angel now, and melt with ruth.
 And, O ye *Dolphins*, waft the hapless youth.

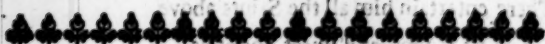
Weep no more, woful Shepherds weep no more,
 For *Lycidas* your sorrow is not dead,
 Sunk though he be beneath the watry floor,
 So sinks the day-star in the Ocean bed,
 And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
 And tricks his beams and with new spangled Ore,
 Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:
 So *Lycidas* sunk low, but mounted high,
 Through the dear might of him that walk'd the waves
 Where other groves, and other streams along,
 With *Nectar* pure his oozy Lock's he laves,
 And hears the unexpressive nuptial Song,
 In the blest Kingdoms meek of joy and love.

There

There entertain him all the Saints above,
 In solemn troops, and sweet Societies
 That sing, and singing in their glory move,
 And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
 Now Lycidas the Shepherds weep no more;
 Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore,
 In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
 To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth Swain to th' Oakes and rills,
 While the still morn went out with Sandals gray,
 He touch'd the tender stops of various Quills,
 With eager thought warbling his *Dorick* lay:
 And now the Sun had stretch'd out all the hills,
 And now was dropt into the Western Bay;
 At last he rose, and twitch'd his Mantle blew:
 To-morrow to fresh Woods, and Pastures new.

F 1



A
M A S K

P R E S E N T E D

At LUDLOW-CASTLE, 1634. &c.

The first Scene discovers a wilde Wood.

The attendant Spirit descends or enters.

BEfore the starry threshold of Jove's Court
My mansion is, where those immortal shape
Of bright aërial Spirits live insphar'd

In Regions milde of calm and serene Air,
Above the smoak and stir of this dim spot,
Which men call Earth, and with low-thoughted care
Confin'd, and pester'd in this pin-fold here,
Strive to keep up a frail, and Feaverish being
Unmindfull of the crown that Vertue gives
After this mortal change, to her true Servants
Amongst the enthron'd gods on Sainted seats.
Yet som there be that by due steps aspire

To

To lay their just hands on that Golden Key
 That ope's the Palace of Eternity:
 To such my errand is, and but for such,
 I would not soil these pure Ambrosial weeds,
 With the rank vapours of this Sin-worn mould.

But to my task. Neptune besides the sway
 Of every salt Flood, and each ebbing stream,
 Took in by lot 'twixt high, and neather Jove,
 Imperial rule of all the Sea-girt Isles
 That like to rich, and various gems inlay
 The unadorned bosom of the Deep,
 Which he to grace his tributary gods
 By course commits to several government,
 And gives them leave to wear their Saphire crowns,
 And wield their little tridents, but this Ile
 The greatest, and the best of all the main
 He quarters to his blu-hair'd deities,
 And all this tract that fronts the falling Sun
 A noble Peer of mightie trust, and power
 Has in his charge, with temper'd awe to guide
 An old, and haughty Nation proud in Arms:
 Where his fair off-spring nurs't in Princely lore,
 Are coming to attend their Fathers state,
 And new-entrusted Scepter, but their way

Lies through the perplex't paths of this drear Wood,
 The nodding horror of whose shady brows
 Threats the forlorn and wandering Passenger.
 And here their tender age might suffer peril,
 But that by quick command from Sovran *Jove*
 I was dispatcht for their defence, and guard;
 And listen why, for I will tell you now
 What never yet was heard in Tale or Song
 From old, or modern Bard in Hall, or Bowr.

Bacchus that first from out the purple Grape,
 Crush't the sweet poyson of mis-used Wine
 After the *Tuscan* Mariners transform'd
 Coasting the *Tyrrhene* shore, as the winds list'd,
 On *Circe* Island fell (who knows not *Circe*
 The daughter of the Sun? Whose charmed Cup
 Whoever tasted, lost his upright shape,
 And downward fell into a groveling Swine)
 This Nymph that gaz'd upon his clustering locks,
 With Ivy berries wreath'd, and his blithe youth,
 Had by him, ere he parted thence, a Son
 Much like his Father, but his Mother more,
 Whom therefore she brought up and *Comus* nam'd,
 Who ripe, and frolick of his full grown age,
 Roaving the *Celtick*, and *Iberian* fields,

At last betakes him to this ominous Wood,
 And in thick shelter of black shades imbowl'd,
 Excels his Mother at her mighty Art,
 Offering to every weary Traveller,
 His orient Liquor in a Crystal Glas,
 To quench the drouth of *Phæbus*, which as they taste
 (For most do taste through fond intemperate thirst)
 Soon as the Potion works, their human count'nance,
 Th'express resemblance of the gods, is chang'd
 Into some brutish form of Woolf, or Bear,
 Or Ounce, or Tiger, Hog, or bearded Goat,
 All other parts remaining as they were,
 And they, so perfect is their misery,
 Nor once perceive their foul disfigurement,
 But boast themselves more comely then before
 And all their friends, and native home forget
 To rouse with pleasure in a sensual stie.
 Therefore when any favour'd of high *Jove*,
 Chances to pass through this adventrous glade,
 Swift as the Sparkle of a glancing Star,
 I shoot from Heav'n to give him safe convoy,
 As now I do: But first I must put off
 These my skie robes spun out of *Iris* Wooff,
 And take the Weeds and likenes of a Swain,

That to the service of this house belongs,
 Who with his soft Pipe, and smooth dittied Song,
 Well knows to still the wilde winds when they roar,
 And hush the waving Woods, nor of less faith,
 And in this office of his Mountain watch,
 Likeliest, and nearest to the present ayd
 Of this occasion. But I hear the tread
 Of hatefull steps, I must be viewles now.

*Comus enters with a Charming Rod in one hand,
 his Glass in the other, with him a rout of Mon-
 sters, beaded like sundry sorts of wilde Beasts,
 but otherwise like Men and Women, their Ap-
 parel glistering, they come in making a riotous
 and unruly noise, with Torches in their hands.*

Comus. The Star that bids the Shepherd fold,
 Now the top of Heav'n doth hold,
 And the gilded Car of Day,
 His glowing Axle doth allay
 In the steep *Atlantick* stream,
 And the slope Sun his upward beam
 Shoots against the dusky Pole,
 Pacing toward the other gole
 Of his Chamber in the East.
 Mean while welcom Joy, and Feast,

Midnight

Midnight shout, and revelry,
 Tipfic dance, and Jollity,
 Braid your Locks with rose Twine
 Dropping odours, dropping Wine:
 Riger now is gon to bed,
 And Advice with scrupulous head,
 Strict Age, and sowe Severity,
 With their grave Saws in slumber lie.
 We that are of purer fire
 Imitate the Starry Quire,
 Who in their nightly watchfull Sphears,
 Lead in swift round the Months and Years.
 The Sounds, and Seas with all their finny drove
 Now to the Moon in wavering Morrice move,
 And on the Tawny Sands and Shelves,
 Trip the peft Fairies and the dapper Elves;
 By dimpled Brook, and Fountain brim,
 The Wood-Nymphs deckt with Daifies trim,
 Their merry wakes and pastimes keep:
 What hath night to do with sleep?
 Night hath better sweets to prove,
Venus now wakes, and wak'ns Love.
 Com let us our rights begin,
 'Tis onely day-light that makes Sin

Which

Which these dun shades will ne're report,
 Hail Goddess of Nocturnal sport
 Dark vail'd *Cotysso*, t'whom the secret flame
 Of mid-night Torches burns; mysterious Dame
 That ne're art call'd, but when the Dragon woom
 Of Stygian darkness spets her thickest gloom,
 And makes one blot of all the air,
 Stay thy cloudy Ebon chair,
 Wherin thou rid'st with *Heceat'*, and befriend
 Us thy vow'd Priests, till utmost end
 Of all thy dues be done, and none left out,
 Ere the blabbing Eastern scout,
 The nice Morn on th' *Indian* sleep
 From her cabin'd loop-hole peep,
 And to the tell-tale Sun discry
 Our conceal'd Solemnity.
 Com, knit hands, and beat the ground,
 In a light fantastick round.

The Measure.

Break off, break off, I feel the different pace,
 Of sorn chaff footing near about this ground.
 Run to your shrouds, within these Brakes and Trees,
 Our number may affright: Some Virgin sure

(For

(For so I can distinguish by mine Art)
 Benighted in these Woods. Now to my charms,
 And to my wily trams, I shall e're long
 Be well stock't with as fair a herd as graz'd
 About my Mother Cive. Thus I hurl
 My dazzling Spells into the spongy ay,
 Of power to cheat the eye with blear illusion,
 And give it false presents, lest the place
 And my quaint habits breed astonishment,
 And put the Damsel to suspicious flight,
 Which must not be, for that's against my course;
 I under fair pretence of friendly ends,
 And well plac'd words of glozing courtesie
 Baited with reasons not unplaufible
 Wind me into the easie-hearted man,
 And hug him into snares. When once her eye
 Hath met the vertue of this Magick dust.
 I shall appear some harmles Villager
 And hearken, if I may, her busines here.
 But here she comes, I fairly step aside

The Lady enters.

This way the noise was, if mine ear be true,
 My best guide now, me thought it was the sound
 Of Riot, and ill manag'd Merriment,

Such

Such as the jocond Flute, or garnesom Pipe
 Stirs up among the loose undetter'd Hinds,
 When for their teeming Flocks, and granges full
 In wanton dance they praise the bounteous Pan,
 And thank the gods amiss, I should be loath
 To meet the rudeness, and swill'd insolence
 Of such late Wallfaiers: yet O where els
 Shall I inform my unacquainted feet
 In the blind mazes of this tangl'd Wood?
 My Brothers when they saw me wearied out
 With this long way, resolving here to lodge
 Under the spreading favour of these Pines,
 Stept as they se'd to the next Thicket side
 To bring me Berries, or such cooling fruit
 As the kind hospitable Woods provide.
 They left me then, when the gray-hooded Eev'n
 Like a sad Votarist in Palmers weed
 Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus wain,
 But where they are, and why they came not back,
 Is now the labour of my thoughts, 'tis likeliest
 They had ingag'd their wandring steps too far,
 And envious darknes, e're they could return,
 Had stole them from me, els O theevisish Night
 Why shouldst thou, but for som fellonious end,

In thy dark Lantern thus close up the Stars,
 That nature hung in Heav'n, and fill'd their Lamps
 With everlasting oil, to give due light
 To the misled and lonely Traveller?
 This is the place, as well as I may guess,
 Whence ev'n now the tumult of loud Mirth
 Was rise, and perfet in my list'ning ear,
 Yet nought but single darknes do I find.
 What might this be? A thousand fantasies
 Begin to throng into my mem'ry
 Of calling shapes, and beckning shadows dire,
 And airy tongues, that syllable mens names
 On Sands, and Shoars, and desert Wildernesses.
 These thoughts may startle well, but not astound
 The vertuous mind, that ever walks attended
 By a strong siding champion Conscience.-----
 O welcom pure-ey'd Faith, white-handed Hope,
 Thou hovering Angel girt with golden wings,
 And thou unblemish'd form of Chastity,
 I see ye visibly, and now believe
 That he, the Supreme good, t'whom all things ill
 Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,
 Would send a gliftring Guardian if need were
 To keep my life and honour unassail'd.

Was

Was I deceiv'd, or did a fable cloud
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night?
 I did not err, there does a fable cloud
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night,
 And casts a gleam over this tufted Grove.
 I cannot hallow to my Brothers, but
 Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest
 Ile venter, for my new enliv'nd spirits
 Prompt me; and they perhaps are not far off.

S O N G.

Sweet Echo, sweetest Nymph that liv'st unseen

Within thy airy shell

By slow Meander's margent green,

And in the violet imbroider'd vale

Where the love-lorn Nightingale

Nightly to thee her sad Song mourneth well.

Canst thou not tell me of a gentle Pair

That likest thy Narcissus are?

O if thou have

Hid them in som flowry Cave,

Tell me but where

Sweet Queen of Parly, Daughter of the Sphæra,

So maist thou be translated to the skies,

And give resounding grace to all Heav'n's Harmonies.

Com. Can any mortal mixture of Earths mould
 Breath such Divine enchanting ravishment?
 Sure something holy lodges in that brest,
 And with these raptures moves the vocal air
 To testify his hidd'n residence;
 How sweetly did they float upon the wings
 Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night
 At every fall smoothing the Raven doune
 Of darknes till it smil'd: I have oft heard
 My Mother *Circe* with the Sirens three,
 Amid't the flowry-kirtl'd *Naiades*
 Culling their potent hearbs, and balefull drugs,
 Who as they sung, would take the prison'd soul,
 And lap it in *Elysium*, *Scylla* wept,
 And chid her barking waves into attention,
 And fell *Charybdis* murmur'd soft applause:
 Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense,
 And in sweet madnes rob'd it of it self,
 But such a sacred, and home-felt delight,
 Such sober certainty of waking bliss
 I never heard till now. Ile speak to her
 And she shall be my Queen. Hail forren wonder
 Whom certain these rough shades did never breed
 Unless the Goddess that in rural shrine

Dwell'st

Dwell't here with *Pan*, or *Silvan*, by blest Song
 Forbidding every bleak unkindly Fog
 To touch the prosperous growth of this tall Wood.

La. Nay gentle Shepherd ill is lost that praise
 That is addrest to unattending Ears,
 Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift
 How to regain my sever'd company
 Compell'd me to awake the courteous Echo
 To give me answer from her mossie Couch.

Co. What chance good Lady hath bereft you thus?

La. Dim darknes, and this leavie Labyrinth.

Co. Could that divide you from neer-ushering guides?

La. They left me weary on a grassie turf.

Co. By fallshood, or discourtesie, or why?

La. To seek i'th vally som cool friendly Spring.

Co. And left your fair side all unguarded Lady?

La. They were but twain, and purpos'd quick return.

Co. Perhaps fore-stalling night prevented them.

La. How easie my misfortune is to hit!

Co. Imports their loss, beside the present need?

La. No less then if I should my brothers loose.

Co. Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom?

La. As smooth as *Hebe's* their unrazor'd lips.

Co. Two such I saw, what time the labour'd Oxe

In his loose traces from the furrow came,
 And the swink't hedger at his Supper fate;
 I saw them under a green mantling vine
 That crawls along the side of yon small hill,
 Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots,
 Their port was more then human, as they stood;
 I took it for a faëry vision

Of som gay creatures of the element
 That in the colours of the Rainbow live
 And play i'th plighted clouds. I was aw-strook,
 And as I past, I worshipt; if those you seek
 It were a journey like the path to Heav'n,
 To help you find them. *Ls.* Gentle villager
 What readiest way would bring me to that place?

Co. Due west it rises from this shrubby point.

Ls. To find out that, good Shepherd, I suppose,
 In such a scant allowance of Star-light,
 Would overtask the best Land-Pilots art,
 Without the sure guess of well-practiz'd feet.

Co. I know each lane, and every alley green
 Dingle, or bushy dell of this wilde Wood,
 And every bosky bourn from side to side
 My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood,
 And if your stray attendance be yet lodg'd,

Or shroud within these limits, I shall know
 Ere morrow wake, or the low roosted lark
 From her thatch't pallat rowse, if otherwise
 I can conduct you Lady to a low
 But loyal cottage, where you may be safe
 Till further quest'. *La.* Shepherd I take thy word,
 And trust thy honest offer'd courtesie,
 Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds
 With smoaky rafters, then in tapstry Halls
 And Courts of Princes, where it first was nam'd,
 And yet is most pretended: In a place
 Less warranted then this, or less secure
 I cannot be, that I should fear to change it,
 Eie me blest Providence, and square my triall
 To my proportion'd strength. Shepherd lead on.----

The two Brothers:

Eld. Bro. Unmuffle ye faint Stars, and thou fair Moon
 That wontst to love the travellers benizon,
 Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,
 And disinherit *Chaos*, that reigns here
 In double night of darkness, and of shades;
 Or if your influence be quite damm'd up
 With black usurping mists, som gentle taper

Though

Though a rush Candle from the wicker hole
 Of som clay habitation visit us
 With thy long levell'd rule of streaming light,
 And thou shalt be our star of *Arcady*,
 Or *Tyrian* Cynosure. 2. *Bro.* Or if our eyes
 Be barr'd that happines, might we but hear
 The folded flocks pen'd in their watled cotes,
 Or sound of pastoral reed with oaten stops,
 Or whistle from the Lodge, or Village Cock
 Count the night watches to his feathery Dames,
 'Twould be som solace yet som little chearing
 In this close dungeon of innumerable bowes.
 But O that haples virgin our lost sister
 Where may she wander now, whether betake her
 From the chill dew, amongst rude burrs and thistles?
 Perhaps som cold bank is her boulder now
 Or 'gainst the rugged bark of som broad Elm
 Leans her unpillow'd head fraught with sad fears,
 What if in wild amazement, and affright,
 Or while we speak within the direful grasp
 Of Savage hunger, or of Savage heat?

Eld. Bro. Peace Brother, be not over-exquisite
 To cast the fashion of uncertain evils;
 For grant they be so, while they rest unknown,

What need a man forestall his date of grief,
 And run to meet what he would most avoid?
 Or if they be but false alarms of Fear,
 How bitter is such self-delusion?
 I do not think my sister so to seek,
 Or so unprincip'l'd in vertues book,
 And the sweet peace that goodnes boosoms ever,
 As that the single want of light and noise
 (Not being in danger, as I trust she is not)
 Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts,
 And put them into mis-becoming plight.
 Vertue could see to do what vertue would
 By her own radiant light, though Sun and Moon
 Were in the flat Sea sunk. And Wisdoms self
 Oft seeks to sweet retired Solitude,
 Where with her best nurse Contemplation
 She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings
 That in the various busle of resort
 Were all to ruff'd, and sometimes impair'd.
 He that has light within his own cleer brest
 May sit i'th center, and enjoy bright day,
 But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts
 Benighted walks under the mid-day Sun;
 Himself is his own dungeon.

2. *Bro.* Tis most true

That musing meditation most affects
 The pensive secrecy of desert cell,
 Far from the cheerfull haunt of men, and herds,
 And sits as safe as in a Senat house,
 For who would rob a Hermit of his Weeds,
 His few Books, or his Beads, or Maple Dish,
 Or do his gray hairs any violence?
 But beauty like the fair Hesperian Tree
 Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
 Of dragon watch with uninchaned eye,
 To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit
 From the rash hand of bold Incontinence.
 You may as well spread out the unshun'd heaps
 Of Misers treasure by an out-laws den,
 And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope
 Danger will wink on Opportunity,
 And let a single helpless maiden pass
 Uninjur'd in this wilde surrounding wast.
 Of night, or loneliness it recks me not,
 I fear the dread events that dog them both,
 Lest some ill greeting touch attempt the person
 Of our unowned sister.

Eld. Bro. I do not, Brother,

G 3

Inferr,

Inferr, as if I thought my sisters state
 Secure without all doubt, or controversie:
 Yet where an equal poise of hope and fear
 Does arbitrate th'e vent, my nature is
 That I encline to hope, rather then fear,
 And gladly banish squint suspicion.
 My sister is not so defenceless left
 As you imagine, she has a hidden strength
 Which you remember not.

2. Bro. What hidden strength,
 Unless the strength of Heav'n, if you mean that?

Eld. Bro. I mean that too, but yet a hidden strength
 Which if Heav'n gave it, may be term'd her own:
 'Tis chastity, my brother, chastity:
 She that has that, is clad in compleat steel,
 And like a quiver'd Nymph with Arrows keen
 May trace huge Forrests, and unharbour'd Heaths,
 Infamous Hills, and sandy perilous wildes,
 Where through the sacred rayes of Chastity,
 No savage fierce, Bandite, or Mountaneer
 Will dare to soyl her Virgin purity,
 Yea there, where very desolation dwels
 By grots, and caverns shag'd with horrid shades,
 She may pass on with unblench't majesty,

Be it not don in pride, or in presumption.
 Som say no evil thing that walks by night
 In fog, or fire, by lake, or moorish fen,
 Blew meager Hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost,
 That breaks his magick chains at *enfer* time,
 No Goblin, or swart Faëry of the mine,
 Hath hurtfull power o're true Virginitie.
 Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call
 Antiquity from the old Schools of *Greece*
 To testifie the arms of Chastity?
 Hence had the huntress *Dian* her dred bow
 Fair silver-shafted *Queen* for ever chaste,
 Wherewith she tam'd the brinded lioness
 And spotted mountain pard, but set at nought
 The frivolous bolt of *Cupid*, gods and men
 Fear'd her stern frown, and she was queen cth' Woods.
 What was that snaky-headed *Gorgon* sheild
 That wise *Minerva* wore, unconquer'd Virgin,
 Wherewith she freez'd her foes to congeal'd stone?
 But rigid looks of Chast austerity,
 And noble grace that dash't brute violence
 With sudden adoration, and blank aw.
 So dear to Heav'n is Saintly chastity,
 That when a soul is found sincerely so,

A thousand liveried Angels lacky her,
 Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
 And in cleer dream, and solemn vision
 Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,
 Till oft convers with heav'nly habitants
 Begin to cast a beam on th' outward shape,
 The unpolluted temple of the mind,
 And turns it by degrees to the souls essence,
 Till all be made immortal : but when lust
 By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,
 But most by leud and lavish act of sin,
 Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
 The soul grows clotted by contagion,
 Imbodies, and imbrutes, till she quite loose
 The divine property of her first being.
 Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp
 Oft seen in Charnel vaults, and Sepulchers
 Linging, and sitting by a new made grave,
 As loath to leave the Body that it lov'd,
 And link't it self by carnal sensuality
 To a degenerate and degraded state.

2. Bro. How charming is divine Philosophy!
 Not harsh, and crabbed as dull fools suppose,
 But musical as is *Apollo's* lute,

And

And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns. *Eld. Bro.* Lift, lift, I hear
Som far of hallow break the silent Air.

2. *Bro.* Me thought so too; what should it be?

Eld. Bro. For certain

Either som one like us night-founder'd here,
Or els som neighbour Wood-man, or at worst,
Som roaving Robber calling to his fellows.

2. *Bro.* Heav'n keep my sister, agen, agen, and neer,
Best draw, and stand upon our guard.

Eld. Bro. Ile hallow,
If he be friendly he comes well, if not,
Defence is a good cause, and Heav'n be for us.

The attendant Spirit habited like a Shepherd.

That hallow I should know, what are you? speak;
Com not too neer, you fall on iron stakes else.

Spir. What voice is that, my young Lord? speak agen.

2. *Bro.* O brother, 'tis my father Shepherd sure.

Eld. Bro. Thyrsis? Whose artful strains have oft delaid
The hudling brook to hear his madrigal,
And sweetn'd every muskrose of the dale,
How cam'st thou here good Swain? hath any Ram
slipt from the fold, or young Kid lost his dam,

Or

Or straggling Weather the pen't flock forsook?
How couldst thou find this dark sequester'd nook?

Spir. O my lov'd Masters heir, and his next joy,
I came not here on such a trivial toy
As a stray'd Ewe, or to pursue the stealth
Of pilfering Woolf, not all the fleecy wealth
That doth enrich these Downs, is worth a thought
To this my errand, and the care it brought.
But O my Virgin Lady, where is she?
How chance she is not in your company?

Eld. Bro. To tell thee sadly Shepherd, without blame,
Or our neglect, we lost her as we came.

Spir. Ay me unhappy then my fears are true.

El. Bro. What fears good *Thyrsis*? Prethee briefly shew.

Spir. He tell ye, 'tis not vain or fabulous,
(Though so esteem'd by shallow ignorance)
What the sage Poets taught by th' heav'nly Muse,
Storied of old in high immortal vers
Of dire *Cbimera*'s and enchanted Isles,
And rifted Rocks whose entrance leads to Hell,
For such there be, but unbelief is blind.

Within the navil of this hideous Wood,
Immur'd in cypress shades a Sorcerer dwels
Of *Bacchus*, and of *Circe* born, great *Comus*,

Deep skill'd in all his mothers witcheries,
 And here to every thirsty wanderer,
 By sly enticement gives his baneful cup,
 With many murmurs mixt, whose pleasing poison
 The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,
 And the inglorious likenes of a beast
 Fixes instead, unmoulding reasons mintage
 Character'd in the face ; this have I learn't
 Tending my flocks hard by i'th hilly crofts,
 That brow this bottom glade, whence night by night
 He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl
 Like stabl'd wolves, or tigers at their prey,
 Doing abhorred rites to *Hecate*
 In their obscured haunts of inmost bowres,
 Yet have they many baits, and guileful spells
 To inveigle and invite th' unwary sense
 Of them that pass unweeting by the way.
 This evening late by then the chewing flocks
 Had ta'n their supper on the savoury Herb
 Of Knot-grass dew-besprent, and were in fold,
 I fate me down to watch upon a bank
 With Ivy canopied, and interwove
 With flaunting Hony-suckle; and began
 Wrapt in a pleasing fit of melancholy

To meditate upon my rural minstrelsie,
 Till fancy had her fill, but ere a close
 The wonted roar was up amidst the Woods,
 And fill'd the Air with barbarous dissonance
 At which I ceas't, and listen'd them a while,
 Till an unusual stop of sudden silence
 Gave respite to the drowsie frightened steeds
 That draw the litter of close curtain'd sleep;
 At last a soft and solemn breathing sound
 Rose like a stream of rich distill'd perfumes,
 And stole upon the Air, that even Silence
 Was took ere she was ware, and wist she might
 Deny her nature, and be never more
 Still to be so displac't. I was all ear,
 And took in strains that might create a soul
 Under the ribs of Death, but O ere long
 Too well I did perceive it was the voice
 Of my most honour'd Lady, your dear sister.
 Amaz'd I stood, harrow'd with grief and fear,
 And O poor hapless Nightingale thought I,
 How sweet thou sing'st, how near the deadly snare!
 Then down the Lawns I ran with headlong haste
 Through paths, and turnings oft'n trod by day,
 Till guided by mine ear I found the place

Where

Where that damn'd wifard hid in fly disguise
 (For so by certain signes I knew) had met
 Already, ere my best speed could prevent,
 The aidless innocent Lady his wish't prey,
 Who gently ask't if he had seen such two,
 Supposing him som neighbour villager;
 Longer I durst not stay, but soon I guess't
 Ye were the two she mean't, with that I sprung
 Into swift flight, till I had found you here,
 But further know I not. 2. *Bro.* O night and shades,
 How are ye joyn'd with Hell in tripple knot
 Against th'unarmed weakness of one Virgin
 Alone, and helpless! is this the confidence
 You gave me Brother? *Eld. Bro.* Yes, and keep it still,
 Lean on it safely, not a period
 Shall be unsaid for me: against the threats
 Of malice or of forcery, or that power
 Which erring men call Chance, this I hold firm,
 Vertue may be assail'd, but never hurt,
 Surpriz'd by unjust force, but not enthrall'd,
 Yea even that which mischief meant most harm,
 Shall in the happy trial prove most glory.
 But evil on it self shall back recoil,
 And mix no more with goodness, when at last
Gather'd

Gather'd like scum, and setl'd to it self
 It shall be in eternal restless change
 Self-fed, and self-consum'd, if this fail,
 The pillar'd firmament is rott'nness,
 And earths base built on stubble. But com let's on.
 Against th'opposing will and arm of Heav'n
 May never this just sword be lifted up,
 But for that damn'd Magician, let him be girt
 With all the greisly legions that troop
 Under the sooty flag of *Acheron*,
Harpyes and *Hydra's*, or all the monstrous forms
 'Twixt *Africa* and *Inde*, Ile find him out,
 And force him to restore his purchase back,
 Or drag him by the curls, to a foul death,
 Curs'd as his life.

Spir. Alas good ventrous youth,
 I love thy courage yet, and bold Emprise,
 But here thy sword can do thee little stead,
 Far other arms, and other weapons must
 Be those that quell the might of hellish charms,
 He with his bare wand can unthred thy joynts,
 And crumble all thy sinews.

Eld. Bro. Why prethee Shepherd
 How durst thou then thy self approach so neer

As to make this Relation?

Spir. Care and utmost shifts

How to secure the Lady from surprisal,
 Brought to my mind a certain Shepherd Lad
 Of small regard to see to, yet well skill'd
 In every vertuous plant and healing herb
 That spreads her verdant leaf to th'morning ray,
 He lov'd me well, and oft would beg me sing,
 Which when I did, he on the tender grass
 Would sit, and hearken even to extasie,
 And in requital ope his leathern scrip,
 And shew me simples of a thousand names
 Telling their strange and vigorous faculties;
 Amongst the rest a small unsightly root,
 But of divine effect, he cull'd me out;
 The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,
 But in another Countrey, as he said,
 Bore a bright golden flowre, but not in this soyl:
 Unknown, and like esteem'd, and the dull swain
 Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon,
 And yet more med'cinal is it then that *Moly*
 That *Hermes* once to wise *Ulysses* gave;
 He call'd it *Hemony*, and gave it me,
 And bad me keep it as of sov'ran use

'Gainst

'Gainst all enchantments, mildew blast, or damp
 Or gasty furies apparition;
 I purs't it up, but little reck'ning made,
 Till now that this extremity compell'd,
 But now I find it true; for by this means
 I knew the foul inchanter though disguis'd,
 Enter'd the very lime-twigs of his spells,
 And yet came off: if you have this about you
 (As I will give you when we go) you may
 Boldly assault the necromancers hall;
 Where if he be, with dauntless hardihood,
 And brandish't blade rush on him, break his glass,
 And shed the luscious liquor on the ground,
 But sease his wand, though he and his curst crew
 Fierce signe of battail make, and menace high,
 Or like the Sons of *Vulcan* vomit smoak,
 Yet will they soon retire, if he but shrink.

Eld. Bro. *Thyrsis* lead on apace, Ile follow thee,
 And som good angel bear a shield before us.

The Scene changes to a stately Palace, set out with all manner of deliciousness: soft Musick, Tables spread with all dainties. Comus appears with his rabble, and the Lady set in an enchanted Chair, to whom he offers his Glass, which she puts by, and goes about to rise.

Comus. Nay Lady sit; if I but wave this wand,
Your nerves are all chain'd up in Alabaster,
And you a statue, or as *Daphne* was
Root-bound, that fled *Apollo*;

La. Fool do not boast,
Thou canst not touch the freedom of my minde
With all thy charms, although this corporal rinde
Thou haste immariad, while Heav'n sees good.

Co. Why are you vext Lady? why do you frown?
Here dwell no frowns, nor anger, from these gates
Sorrow flies far: See here be all the pleasures
That fancy can beget on youthfull thoughts,
When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns
Brisk as the *April* buds in Primrose-season.
And first behold this cordial Julep here
That flames, and dances in his crystal bounds
With spirits of balm, and fragrant Syrops mixt.
Not that *Nepenthes* which the wife of *Thone*,

In *Egypt* gave to *Jove-born Helena*
 Is of such power to stir up joy as this,
 To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst,
 Why should you be so cruel to your self,
 And to those dainty limms which nature sent
 For gentle usage, and soft delicacy?
 But you invert the cov'nants of her trust,
 And harshly deal like an ill borrower
 With that which you receiv'd on other terms,
 Scorning the unexempt condition
 By which all mortal frailty must subsist,
 Refreshment after toil, ease after pain,
 That have been tir'd all day without repast,
 And timely rest have wanted, but fair *Virgin*
 This will restore all soon.

La. 'Twill not false traitor,
 'Twill not restore the truth and honesty
 That thou hast banish't from thy tongue with lies,
 Was this the cottage, and the safe abode
 Thou told'st me of? What grim aspects are these,
 These oughly-headed Monsters? Mercy guard me!
 Hence with thy brew'd enchantments, foul deceiver,
 Hast thou betray'd my credulous innocence
 With visor'd falshood, and base forgery,

And

And would'st thou seek again to trap me here
With lickerish baits fit to ensnare a brute?

Were it a draft for *Juno* when she banquets,
I would not taste thy treasonous offer; none
But such as are good men can give good things,
And that which is not good, is not delicious
To a well-govern'd and wise appetite.

Co. O foolishnes of men! that lend their ears
To those budge Doctors of the *Stoick* Furr,
And fetch their precepts from the *Cynick* Tub,
Praising the lean and fallow Abstinence.
Wherefore did Nature powre her bounties forth,
With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,
Covering the earth with odours, fruits, and flocks,
Thronging the Seas with spawn innumerable,
But all to please, and sate the curious taste?
And set to work millions of spinning Worms,
That in their green shops weave the smooth-hair'd silk
To deck her Sons, and that no corner might
Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loyns
She hutch't th'all-worshipt ore, and precious gems
To store her children with; if all the world
Should in a pet of temperance feed on Pulse,
Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but Freize,

Th'all-giver would be unthank't, would be unprais'd,
 Not half his riches known, and yet despis'd,
 And we should serve him as a grudging master,
 As a penurious niggard of his wealth,
 And live like Natures bastards, not her sons,
 Who would be quite furcharg'd with her own weight,
 And strangl'd with her waste fertility; (plumes,
 Th'earth cumber'd, and the wing'd air dark't with
 The herds would over-multitude their Lords,
 The Sea o'refraught would swel, & th'unfought diamonds
 Would so emblaze the forehead of the Deep,
 And so bestudd with Stars, that they below
 Would grow inur'd to light, and com at last
 To gaze upon the Sun with shameles brows.
 Lift Lady be not coy, and be not cosen'd
 With that same vaunted name Virginity,
 Beauty is natures coyn, must not be hoorded,
 But must be currant, and the good thereof
 Consists in mutual and partak'n bliss,
 Unfavoury in th'injoyment of it self
 If you let slip time, like a neglected rose
 It withers on the stalk with languish't head.
 Beauty is natures brag, and must be shown
 In courts, at feasts, and high solemnities

Where

Where most may wonder at the workmanship ;
 It is for homely features to keep home,
 They had their name thence ; coarse complexions
 And cheeks of sorry grain will serve to ply
 The sampler, and to teize the huswives wooll.
 What need a vermeil-tinctur'd lip for that
 Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the the Morn ?
 There was another meaning in these gifts,
 Think what, and be adviz'd, you are but young yet.

La. I had not thought to have unlockt my lips
 In this unhallow'd air, but that this Jugler
 Would think to charm my judgement, as mine eyes
 Obtruding false rules pranckt in reasons garb.
 I hate when vice can bolt her arguments,
 And vertue has no tongue to check her pride :
 Impostor do not charge most innocent nature,
 As if she would her children should be riotous
 With her abundance she good caters
 Means her provision only to the good
 That live according to her sober laws,
 And holy dictate of spare Temperance :
 If every just man that now pines with want
 Had but a moderate and befitting share
 Of that which lewdly-pamper'd Luxury

Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,
 Natures full blessings would be well dispenc'd
 In unsuperfluous even proportion,
 And she no whit encomber'd with her store,
 And then the giver would be better thank'd,
 His praise due paid, for swinish gluttony
 Ne'er looks to Heav'n amidst his gorgeous feast,
 But with besotted base ingratitude
 Cramms, and blasphemes his feeder. Shall I go on?
 Or have I said enough? To him that dares
 Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words
 Against the Sun-clad power of Chastity;
 Fain would I something say, yet to what end?
 Thou hast nor Ear, nor Soul to apprehend
 The sublime notion, and high mystery
 That must be utter'd to unfold the sage
 And serious doctrine of Virginity,
 And thou art worthy that thou shouldst not know
 More happiness than this thy present lot.
 Enjoy your dear Wit, and gay Rhetorick
 That hath so well been taught her dazzling fence,
 Thou art not fit to hear thyself convinc'd;
 Yet should I try, the uncontroul'd worth
 Of this pure cause would kindle my rap't spirits

To such a flame of sacred vehemence,
 That dumb things would be mov'd to sympathize,
 And the brute Earth would lend her nerves, and shake,
 Till all thy magick structures rear'd so high,
 Were shatter'd into heaps o're thy false head.

Go. She fables not, I feel that I do fear
 Her words set off by som superior power;
 And though not mortal, yet a cold shuddring dew
 Dips me all o're, as when the wrath of *Jove*
 Speaks thunder, and the chains of *Erebus*
 To som of *Saturnus* crew. I must dissemble,
 And try her yet more strongly. Com, no more,
 This is meer moral babble, and direct
 Against the canon laws of our foundation;
 I must not suffer this, yet 'tis but the lees
 And setlings of a melancholy blood;
 But this will cure all streight, one sip of this
 Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight
 Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise, and taste,

The Brothers rush in with Swords drawn, wrest his Glass out of his hand, and break it against the ground; his rout make sign of resistance but are all driven in; The attendant Spirit comes in.

Spir. What, have you let the false Enchanter scape?
O ye mistook, ye should have snatcht his wand
And bound him fast; without his rod revers't,
And backward mutters of dis severing power,
We cannot free the Lady that sits here
In stony fetters fixt, and motionless;
Yet stay, be not disturb'd, now I bethink me,
Som other means I have which may be us'd,
Which once of *Melibens* old I learnt
The soothest Shepherd that ere pip't on plains.

There is a gentle Nymph not far from hence,
That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn stream,
Sabrina is her name, a Virgin pure,
Whilom she was the daughter of *Lochrine*,
That had the Scepter from his Father *Brute*.
The guiltless damsel flying the mad pursuit
Of her enraged stepdam *Gwendolen*,
Commended her fair innocence to the flood
That stay'd her flight with his cross-flowing course,

The

The water Nymphs that in the bottom plaid,
 Held up their pearled wrists and took her in,
 Bearing her straight to aged *Nereus* Hall,
 Who piteous of her woes, rear'd her lank head,
 And gave her to his daughters to imbathe
 In nectar'd lavers strew'd with *Asphodil*,
 And through the porch and inlet of each sense
 Dropt in Ambrosial Oils till she reviv'd,
 And underwent a quick immortal change
 Made Goddesses of the River; still she retains
 Her maid'n gentlenes, and oft at Eeve
 Visits the herds along the twilight meadows,
 Helping all urchin blasts, and ill luck signes
 That the shrewd meddling *Else* delights to make,
 Which she with pretious viol'd liquors heals.
 For which the Shepherds at their festivals
 Carrol her goodnes lowd in rustick layes,
 And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream
 Of pancies, pinks, and gaudy *Daffadils*.
 And, as the old Swain said, she can unlock
 The clasping charm, and thaw the numming spell,
 As she be right invok't in warbled Song,
 For maid'nhood she loves, and will be swift
 To aid a Virgin such as was her self

In hard besetting need, this will I try
And adde the power of sorn adjuring verse.

S O N G.

Sabrina fair

*Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassie, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of Lillies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair,
Listen for dear honours sake,
Goddess of the silver lake,
Listen and save.*

Listen and appear to us
In name of great *Oceanus*,
By the earth-shaking *Neptune's* mace,
And *Tethys* grave majestick pace,
By hoary *Nereus* wrinckled look,
And the *Carpathian* wifards hook,
By scaly *Tritons* winding shell,
And old sooth-saying *Glaucus* spell,
By *Leucothea's* lovely hands,
And her son that rules the strands,
By *Thetis* tinsel-slipper'd feet,
And the Songs of *Sirens* sweet,

By dead *Parthenope's* dear tomb,
 And fair *Ligea's* golden comb,
 Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks
 Sleeking her soft alluring locks,
 By all the *Nymphs* that nightly dance
 Upon thy streams with wily glance,
 Rise, rise, and heave thy rosie head
 From thy coral-pav'n bed,
 And bridle in thy headlong wave,
 Till thou our summons answerd have,

Listen and save.

Sabrina rises, attended by water-Nymphs, & sings.

By the rusby-fringed bank,
 Where grows the Willow and the Osier dank,
 My sliding Chariot stays,
 Thick set with Agas, and the azurn stones
 Of Turkis blew, and Emrauld green
 That in the channel strays,

Whilst from off the waters fleet

Thus I set my printless feet

O're the Cowslips Velvet head,

That bends not as I tread,

Gentle swain at thy request

I am here.

Spir.

Spir. Goddess dear

We implore thy powerful hand
To undo the charmed band
Of true Virgin here distressed,
Through the force, and through the wile
Of unblest inchanter vile.

Sab. Shepherd 'tis my office best
To help insnared chastity ;
Brightest Lady look on me,
Thus I sprinkle on thy breast
Drops that from my fountain pure,
I have kept of pretious cure,
Thrice upon thy fingers tip,
Thrice upon thy rubied lip,
Next this marble venom'd seat
Smear'd with gums of glutenous heat
I touch with chaste palms moist and cold,
Now the spell hath lost his hold ;
And I must haste ere morning hour
To wait in *Amphitrite's* bowr.

Sabrina descends, and the Lady rises out of her seat.

Sptr. Virgin, daughter of *Lochrine*
Sprung of old *Anchises* line

May thy brimmed waves for this
 Their full tribute never miss
 From a thousand petty rills,
 That tumbled down the snowy hills:
 Summer drouth, or singed air
 Never scorch thy tresses fair,
 Nor wet *Octobers* torrent flood
 Thy molten crystal fill with mudd,
 May thy billows rowl ashoar
 The beryl, and the golden ore,
 May thy lofty head be crown'd
 With many a tower and terras round,
 And here and there thy banks upon
 With Groves of myrrhe, and cinnamon.
 Com Lady while Heaven lends us grace,
 Let us fly this cursed place,
 Left the Sorcerer us entice
 With some other new device.
 Not a waste, or needles sound
 Till we com to holier ground,
 I shall be your faithfull guide
 Through this gloomy covert wide,
 And not many furlongs thence
 Is your Fathers residence,

Wher,

Where this night are met in state
 Many a friend to gratulate
 His wish't presence, and beside
 All the Swains that there abide,
 With Jiggs, and rural dance resort,
 We shall catch them at their sport,
 And our sudden coming there
 Will double all their mirth and cheer;
 Com let us haste, the Stars grow high,
 But night sits monarch yet in the mid sky.

*The Scene changes, presenting Ludlow Town and
 the Presidents Castle, then com in Countrey-
 Dancers, after them the attendant Spirit, with
 the two Brothers and the Lady.*

S O N G.

Spir. Back Shepherds, back, among your play,
 Till next Sun-shine holiday,
 Here be without duck or nod
 Other trippings to be trod
 Of lighter toes, and such Court guise
 As Mercury did first devise
 With the mincing Dryades
 On the Lawns, and on the Leas.

This second Song presents them to their
Father and Mother.

*Noble Lord, and Lady bright,
I have brought ye new delight,
Here behold so goodly grown
Three fair branches of your own,
Heav'n hath timely tri'd their youth,
Their faith, their patience, and their truth.
And sent them here through hard assays
With a crown of deathless Praise,
To triumph in victorious dance
O're sensual Folly, and Intemperance.*

The dances ended, the Spirit Epilognizes.

*Spir. To the Ocean now I fly,
And those happy climes that ly
Where day never shuts his eye,
Up in the broad fields of the sky:
There I suck the liquid air
All amidst the Gardens fair
Of Hesperus, and his daughters three
That sing about the golden tree:
Along the crisped shades and bowres
Revels the spruce and jocond Spring,*

The

The Graces, and the roſie-boſom'd Howres,
 Thither all their bounties bring,
 That there eternal Summer dwels,
 And Weſt winds, with muſky wing
 About the cedar'n alleys fling,
Nard, and *Caffia*'s balmy ſmels.
Iris there with humid bow,
 Waters the odorous banks that blow
 Flowers of more mingled hew
 Then her purſ'd ſcarf can ſhew,
 And drenches with *Elyſian* dew
 (Liſt mortals if your ears be true)
 Beds of *Hyacinth*, and *Roses*
 Where young *Adonis* oft reposes,
 Waxing well of his deep wound
 In ſlumber ſoft, and on the ground
 Sadly ſits th'*Aſſyrian* Queen;
 But far above in ſpangled ſheen
 Celeſtial *Cupid* her ſam'd Son advanc't,
 Holds his dear *Psyche* ſweet intranc't
 After her wandring labours long,
 Till free conſent the gods among
 Make her his eternal Bride,
 And from her fair unſpotted ſide

Two blisful twins are to be born,
Youth and Joy; so *Jove* hath sworn.

But now my task is smoothly don,
I can fly, or I can run
Quickly to the green earths end,
Where the bow'd welkin flow doth bend,
And from thence can soar as soon
To the corners of the Moon.

Mortals that would follow me,
Love vertue, she alone is free,
She can teach ye how to clime
Higher then the Spheary chime;
Or if Vertue feeble were,
Heav'n it self would stoop to her.

PSAL. I. Done into Verse, 1653.

Bless'd is the man who hath not walk'd astray
 In counsel of the wicked, and in th' way
 Of sinners hath not stood, and in the seat
 Of scorers hath not sat. But in the great
Jehovah's Law is ever his delight,
 And in his Law he studies day and night.
 He shall be as a tree which planted grows
 By watry streams, and in his season knows
 To yield his fruit, and his leaf shall not fall,
 And what he takes in hand shall prosper all.
 Not so the wicked, but as chaff which fann'd
 The wind drives, so the wicked shall not stand
 In judgment, or abide their tryal then,
 Nor sinners in th' assembly of just men.
 For the Lord knows th' upright way of the just,
 And the way of bad men to ruine must.

PSAL. II. Done Aug. 8. 1653. Terzetti.

WHy do the Gentiles tumult, and the Nations
 muse a vain thing, the Kings of th' earth up-
 With power, and Princes in their Congregations (stand
 Lay deep their plots together through each Land,
 Against the Lord and his Messiah dear
 Let us break off, say they, by strength of hand
 Their bonds, and cast from us, no more to wear,
 Their twisted cords: he who in Heaven doth dwell
 Shall laugh, the Lord shall scoff them, then severe
 Speak to them in his wrath, and in his fell
 And fierce ire trouble them; but I saith hee
 anointed have my King (though ye rebell)
 On Sion my holi' hill. A firm decree
 I will declare; the Lord to me hath say'd
 Thou art my Son I have begotten thee
 This day; ask of me, and the grant is made;
 As thy possession I on thee bestow
 Th' Heathen, and as thy conquest to be sway'd
 Earths utmost bounds: them shalt thou bring full low
 With Iron Scepter bruis'd, and them disperse
 Like to a potters vessel shiver'd so.

And now be wise at length ye Kings averſe
 Be taught ye Judges of the earth ; with fear
 Jehovah ſerve, and let your joy converſe
 With trembling ; kiſs the Son leaſt he appear
 In anger and ye periſh in the way
 If once his wrath take fire like fuel ſere.
 Happy all thoſe who have in him their ſtay.

PSAL. 3. Aug. 9. 1653.

When he fled from Abſalom.

Lord how many are my foes
 How many thoſe
 That in arms againſt me riſe
 Many are they
 That of my life diſtruſtfully thus ſay,
 No help for him in God there lies.
 But thou Lord art my ſhield my glory,
 Thee through my ſtory
 Th' exalter of my head I count
 Aloud I cry'd
 Unto Jehovah, he ſull ſoon reply'd
 And heard me from his holy mount.

(133)

I lay and slept, I wak'd again, }

For my sustain !

Was the Lord. Of many millions

The populous rout

I fear not though incamping round about

They pitch against me their Pavillions.

Rise Lord, save me my God for thou

Hast smote ere now

On the cheek-bone all my foes,

Of men abhor'd

Hast broke the teeth. This help was from the Lord

Thy blessing on thy people flows.

PSAL. IV. Aug. 10. 1633.

ANswer me when I call
God of my righteousness

In straights and in distress

Thou didst me disenthral

And set at large ; now spare,

Now pity me, and hear my earnest pray'r.

Great ones how long will ye

My glory have in scorn

How long be thus forborn

Still to love vanity,
 To love, to seek, to prize
 Things false and vain and nothing else but lies?
 Yet know the Lord hath chose
 Chose to himself a part
 The good and meek of heart
 (For whom to chuse he knows)
 Jehovah from on high

Will hear my voyce what time to him I crye.
 Be aw'd, and do not sin,
 Speak to your hearts alone,
 Upon your beds, each one,
 And be at peace within.
 Offer the offerings just

Of righteousness and in Jehovah trust.
 Many there be that say
 Who yet will shew us good?
 Talking like this worlds brood;
 But Lord, thus let me pray,
 On us lift up the light

Lift up the favour of thy count nance bright.
 Into my heart more joy
 And gladness thou hast put
 Then when a year of glut

Their

Their stores doth over-cloy
And from their plenteous grounds

With vast increase their corn and wine abounds
In peace at once will I
Both lay me down and sleep
For thou alone dost keep
Me safe where ere I lie
As in a rocky Cell
Thou Lord alone in safety mak' st me dwell

P S A L. V. Aug. 12. 1653.

Jehovah to my words give ear
My meditation waigh
The voyce of my complaining hear
My King and God for unto thee I pray.
Jehovah thou my early voyce
Shalt in the morning hear
Ith' morning I to thee with choyce
Will rank my Prayers, and watch till thou appear.
For thou art not a God that takes
In wickedness delight
Evil with thee no biding makes
Fools or mad men stand not within thy sight,

All workers of iniquity
 Thou hat'st; and them unblest
 Thou wilt destroy that speak a ly
 The bloodi' and guileful man God doth detest.
 But I will in thy mercies dear
 Thy numerous mercies go
 Into thy house; I in thy fear
 Will towards thy holy temple worship low
 Lord lead me in thy righteousness
 Lead me because of those
 That do observe If I transgress
 Set thy wayes right before, where my step goes.
 For in his faltring mouth unstable
 No word is firm or sooth
 Their inside, troubles miserable;
 An open grave their throat, their tongue they smooth.
 God, find them guilty, let them fall
 By their own counsels quell'd;
 Push them in their rebellions all
 Still on; for against thee they have rebell'd;
 Then all who trust in thee shall bring
 Their joy, while thou from blame
 Defend'st them, they shall ever sing
 And shall triumph in thee, who love thy name.

For thou Jehovah wilt be found
 To bless the just man still,
 As with a shield thou wilt surround
 Him with thy lasting favour and good will.

PSAL. VI. Aug. 13. 1653.

Lord in thine anger do not reprehend me
 Nor in thy hot displeasure me correct;
 Pity me Lord for I am much deject
 Am very weak and faint; heal and amend me,
 For all my bones, that even with anguish ake,
 Are troubled, yea my soul is troubled sore
 And thou O Lord how long? turn Lord, restore
 My soul, O save me for thy goodness sake
 For in death no remembrance is of thee;
 Who in the grave can celebrate thy praise?
 Wearied I am with fighting out my days,
 Nightly my Couch I make a kind of Sea;
 My Bed I water with my tears; mine Eye
 Through grief consumes, is waxen old and dark
 In midst of all mine enemies that mark.
 Depart all ye that work iniquitie.

Depart

Depart from me, for the voice of my weeping

The Lord hath heard, the Lord hath heard my prayer
My supplication with acceptance fair

The Lord will own, and have me in his keeping.
Mine enemies shall all be blank and dash't

With much confusion ; then grow red with shame,
They shall return in haste the way they came
And in a moment shall be quite abash't.

PSAL. VII. Aug. 14. 1653.

Upon the words of Chush the Benjamite against him.

Lord my God to thee I flee
Save me and secure me under
Thy protection while I crie,
Least as a Lion (and no wonder)
He hast to tear my Soul asunder
Tearing and no rescue nigh.

Lord my God if I have thought
Or done this, if wickedness
Be in my hands, if I have wrought
Ill to him that meant me peace,

Or to him have render'd self,
 And not fre'd my foe for naught;
 Let th' enemy pursue my soul
 And overtake it, let him tread
 My life down to the earth and rouse
 In the dust my glory dead,
 In the dust and there out spread
 Lodge it with dishonour foul.

Rise Jehovah in thine ire
 Rouze thy self amidst the rage
 Of my foes that urge like fire;
 And wake for me, their fury allwage;
 Judgment here thou didst engage
 And command which I desire.

So th' assemblies of each Nation
 Will surround thee, seeking right,
 Thence to thy glorious habitation
 Return on high and in their sight.
 Jehovah judgeth most upright
 All people from the worlds foundation.

Judge me Lord, be judge in this
 According to my righteousness
 And the innocence which is

Upon

Upon me : cause at length to cease
Of evil men the wickedness
And their power that do amiss.

But the just establish fast,
Since thou art the just God that tries
Hearts and reins. On God is cast
My defence, and in him lies
In him who both just and wise
Saves th' upright of Heart at last.

God is a just Judge and severe,
And God is every day offended ;
If th' unjust will not forbear,
His Sword he whets, his Bow hath bended
Already, and for him intended
The tools of death, that waits him near.

(His arrows purposely made he
For them that persecute,) Behold
He travels big with vanitie,
Trouble he hath conceav'd of old
As in a womb, and from that mould
Hath at length brought forth a Lie.

He dig'd a pit, and delv'd it deep,
And fell into the pit he made,

(141)

His mischief that due course doth keep,
Turns on his head, and his ill trade
Of violence will undelay'd
Fall on his crown with ruine steep.

Then will I Jehovah's praise
According to his justice raise
And sing the Name and Deitie
Of Jehovah the most high.

P S A L. VIII. *Aug. 14. 1653.*

O Jehovah our Lord how wondrous great
And glorious is thy name through all the earth ?
As above the Heavens thy praise to set
Out of the tender mouths of latest bearth,
Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou
Hast founded strength because of all thy foes
To flint th' enemy, and slack th'avengers brow
That bends his rage thy providence to oppose
When I behold thy Heavens, thy Fingers art,
The Moon and Starrs which thou so bright hast set,
In the pure firmament, then saith my heart,
O what is man that thou remembrest yet,

And

And think'ft upon him; or of man begot
 That him thou vifit'ft and of him art found;
 Scarce to be lefs then Gods, thou mad'ft his lot,
 With honour and with ftate thou haft him crown'd,
 O're the works of thy hand thou mad'ft him Lord,
 Thou haft put all under his lordly feet,
 All Flocks, and Herds, by thy commanding word,
 All beafts that in the field or forreft meet.
 Fowl of the Heavens, and Fifh that through the wet
 Sea-paths in shoals do flide. And know no dearth.
 O Jehovah our Lord how wondrous great
 And glorious is thy name through all the earth.

April. 1648. J. M.

of the Psalms done into Metre, wherein all
 but what is in a different Character, are the
 very words of the Text, translated from the
 Original.

PSAL. LXXX.

THou Shepherd that dost Israel keep

Give ear in time of need,

Who ledest like a flock of sheep

Thy loved Josephs seed,

That sitt'lt between the Cherubs bright

Between their wings out-spread

Shine forth, and from thy cloud give light,

And on our foes thy dread

In Ephraims view and Benjamins,

And in Manasse's sight

Awake * thy strength, come, and be seen

* *Gnorer.s.*

To save us by thy might.

Turn us again, thy grace divine

To us O God vouchsafe;

Cause thou thy face on us to shine

And then we shall be safe.

4 Lord

- 4 Lord God of Hosts, how long wilt thou,
How long wilt thou declare
Thy * smocking wrath, *and angry brow* * *Gnashings*
Against thy peoples praise.
- 5 Thou feed'st them with the bread of tears,
Their bread with tears they eat,
And mak'st them * largely drink the tears * *Sbalish*
Where with their cheeks are wet.
- 6 A strife thou mak'st us *and a prey*
To every neighbour foe,
Among themselves they * laugh, they * play,
And * flouts at us they throw * *Jilgnage*
- 7 Return us, *and thy grace divine,*
O God of Hosts *vouchsafe*
Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
And then we shall be safe.
- 8 A Vine from Ægypt thou hast brought,
Thy free love made it thine,
And drov'st out Nations *proud and haught*
To plant this lovely Vine.
- 9 Thou did'st prepare for it a place
And root it deep and fast
That it *began to grow apace,*
And fill'd the land at last.

- 10 With her *green shade that cover'd all,*
 The Hills were *over-spread*
 Her Bows as *high as Cedars tall*
Advanc'd their lofty head.
- 11 Her branches *on the western side*
 Down to the Sea she sent,
 And *upward* to that river wide
 Her other branches *went.*
- 12 Why hast thou laid her Hedges low
 And brok'n down her Fence,
 That all may pluck her, as they go,
With rudest violence?
- 13 The *tusked* Boar out of the wood
 Up turns it by the roots,
 Wild Beasts there brouze, and make their food
Her Grapes and tender Shoots.
- 14 Return now, God of Hosts, look down
 From Heav'n, thy Seat divine,
 Behold *us, but without a frown,*
 And visit this *thy* Vine.
- 15 Visit this Vine, which thy right hand
 Hath set, and planted *long,*
 And the young branch, that for thy self
 Thou hast made firm and strong.

- 16 But now it is consum'd with fire,
 And cut *with Axes* down,
 They perish at thy dreadfull ire,
 At thy rebuke and frown.
- 17 Upon the man of thy right hand
 Let thy *good* hand be *laid*,
 Upon the Son of Man, whom thou
 Strong for thy self hast made.
- 18 So shall we not go back from thee
To wayes of sin and shame,
 Quick'n us thou, then *gladly* wee
 Shall call upon thy Name.
 Return us, *and thy grace divine*
 Lord God of Hosts *voutsafe*,
 Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
 And then we shall be safe.

PSAL. LXXXI.

- 1 **T**O God our strength sing loud, *and clear*
 Sing loud to God *our King*,
 To Jacobs God, *that all may hear*
 Loud acclamations ring.

- 2 Prepare a Hymn, prepare a Song
 The Timbrel hither bring
 The *cheerfull* Pſaltry bring along
 And Harp *with* pleaſant ſtring,
- 3 Blow, *as it wont*, in the new Moon
 With Trumpets *loſty ſound*,
 Th' appointed time, the day wheron
 Our ſolemn Feaſt *comes round*.
- 4 This was a Statute giv'n of old
 For Iſrael *to obſerve*
 A Law of Jacobs God, *to hold*
 From whence they might not ſwerve.
- 5 This he a Teſtimony ordain'd
 In Joſeph, *not to change*,
 When as he paſſ'd through Ægypt land ;
 The Tongue I heard, was ſtrange.
- 6 From burden, *and from ſlavish toyle*
 I ſet his ſhoulder free ;
 His hands from pots, *and mirie ſoyle*
 Deliver'd were *by me*.
- 7 When trouble did thee fore aſſaile,
 On me then didſt thou call,
 And I to free thee *did not fail*,
 And led thee out of thrall.

I answer'd thee in * thunder deep * *Be Seiber ragnar*

With clouds encompass'd round ;

I tri'd thee at the water steep

Of Meriba *renown'd*.

8 Hear O my people, *heark'n well*,

I testify to thee

Thou antient stock of Israel,

If thou wilt list to mee,

9 Through out the land of thy abode

No alien God shall be

Nor shalt thou to a forein God

In honour bend thy knee.

10 I am the Lord thy God which brought

Thee out of Ægypt land

Ask large enough, and I, *besought*,

Will grant thy full demand.

11 And yet my people would not *hear*,

Nor hearken to my voice ;

And Israel *whom I lov'd so dear*

Mislik'd me for his choice.

12 Then did I leave them to their will

And to their wandring mind ;

Their own conceits they follow'd still

Their own devises blind.

- 13 O that my people would *be wise*
To serve me all their daies,
 And O that Israel would *advise*
To walk my righteous waies.
- 14 Then would I soon bring down their foes
That now so proudly rise,
 And turn my hand against *all those*
That are their enemies.
- 15 Who hate the Lord should *then be fain*
To bow to him and bend,
 But *they, his People, should remain,*
 Their time should have no end.
- 16 And we would feed them *from the shock*
With flour of finest wheat,
 And satisfie them from the rock
With Honey for their Meat.

 PSAL. LXXXII.

1 **G**Od in the * great * assembly stands
*Of Kings and lordly States, * Bagnadath-el.*
 † Among the gods † on both his hands † Bekerev.
 He judges and debates.

2 How long will ye * pervert the right
 With * judgment false and wrong
 Favouring the wicked *by your might.*

* *Tispheta*
gnavel.

Who thence grow bold and strong

3 * Regard the * weak and fatherless
 * Dispatch the * poor mans cause,
 And † raise the man in deep distress
 By † just and equal Lawes.

* *Shiphtu-dal.*

† *Hatzdiku.*

4 Defend the poor and desolate,
 And rescue from the hands
 Of wicked men the low estate
 Of him *that help demands.*

5 They know not nor will understand,
 In darkness they walk on
 The Earths foundations all are * mov'd
 And * out of order gon.

* *Jimmotu.*

6 I said that ye were Gods, yea all
 The Sons of God most high

7 But ye shall die like men, and fall
 As other Princes *die.*

8 Rise God, * judge thou the earth *in might,*
 This *wicked* earth * redress,
 For thou art he who shalt by right
 The Nations all possess.

* *Shiphta.*

PSAL. LXXXIII.

1 **B**E not thou silent *now at length*
 O God hold not thy peace,
 Sit not thou still O God of *strength*
We cry and do not cease.

2 For lo thy *furious* foes *now* * swell

And * storm outrageously,

* *Jebemajun.*

And they that hate thee *proud and fell*

Exalt their heads full hie.

3 Against thy people they † contrive

† *Jagnarimu*

† Their Plots and Counsels deep,

† *Sod.*

* Them to ensnare they chiefly strive * *Jitbjagnatsugnal.*

* Whom thou dost hide and keep.

* *Tsephuneca.*

4 Come let us cut them off *say* they,

Till they no Nation be

That Israels name for ever may

Be lost in memory.

5 For they consult † with all their might, † *Levjacobdan.*

And all as one in mind

Themselves against thee they unite

And in firm union bind.

6 The tents of Edom, and the brood

Of *scornful* Ishmael,

- Moab, with them of Hagers blood
That in the Desert dwell,
- 7 Gebal and Ammon *there conspire,*
And hateful Amalec,
 The Philistims, and they of Tyre
Whose bounds the Sea doth check.
- 8 With them great Ashur also bands
And doth confirm the knot,
All these have lent their armed hands
To aid the Sons of Lot.
- 9 Do to them as to Midian bold
That wasted all the Coast
 To Sisera; and as is told
Thou didst to Jabin's host,
When at the brook of Kishon old
They were repulst and slain,
- 10 At Endor quite cut off, and rowl'd
 As dung upon the plain.
- 11 As Zeb and Oreb evil sped
 So let their Princes speed
 As Zeba, and Zalmunna bled
 So let their Princes bleed.
- 12 For they amidst their pride have said
 By right now shall we seize

Gods houses, *and will now invade*

† Their stately Palaces.

† *Neoth Elohim*

13 My God, oh make them as a wheel *bears both.*

No quiet let them find,

Giddy and restless let them reel

Like stubble from the wind.

14 As *when* an aged wood takes fire

Which on a sudden straiers,

The greedy flame runs hier and hier

Till all the mountains blaze,

15 So with thy whirlwind them pursue,

And with thy tempest chase ;

16 * And till they * yield thee honour due; * *They seek*

Lord fill with shame their face. *thy Name, Heb.*

17 Asham'd and troubl'd let them be,

Troubl'd and sham'd for ever,

Ever confounded, and so die

With shame, *and scape it never.*

18 Then shall they know that thou whose name

Jehova is alone,

Art the most high, *and thou the same*

O're all the earth *art one.*

PSAL.

PSAL. LXXXIV.

- 1 How lovely are thy dwellings fair!
 O Lord of Hoasts, how dear
 The *pleasant* Tabernacles are!
 Where thou do'st dwell so near.
- 2 My Soul doth long and almost die
 Thy Courts O Lord to see,
 My heart and flesh aloud do crie,
 O living God, for thee.
- 3 There ev'n the Sparrow *freed from wrong*
 Hath found a house of rest,
 The Swallow there, to lay her young
 Hath built her *brooding* nest,
 Ev'n by thy Altars Lord of Hoasts
 They find their safe abode,
 And home they fly from round the Coasts
 Toward thee, My King, my God.
- 4 Happy, who in thy house reside
 Where thee they ever praise,
- 5 Happy, whose strength in thee doth bide,
 And in their hearts thy waies.
- 6 They pass through Baca's *thirstie* Vale,
 That dry and barren ground

As through a fruitfull watry Dale

Where Springs and Showrs abound.

7 They journey on from strength to strength

With joy and gladfom cheer

Till all before *our* God *at length*

In Sion do appear.

8 Lord God of Hoasts hear *now* my praier

O Jacobs God give ear,

9 Thou God our shield look on the face

Of thy anointed *dear*.

10 For one day in thy Courts *to be*

Is better, *and more blest*

Then *in the joyes of Vanity,*

A thousand daies *at best*.

I in the temple of my God

Had rather keep a dore,

Then dwell in Tents, *and rich abode*

With Sin *for evermore*.

11 For God the Lord both Sun and Shield

Gives grace and glory *bright*,

No good from them shall be with-held

Whose waies are just and right,

12 Lord God of Hoasts *that* raign*st on high,

That man is *truly* blest,

Who

Who *only* on thee doth relie,
And in thee only rest.

PSAL. LXXXV.

1 **T**Hy Land to favour graciously
Thou hast not Lord been slack,
Thou hast from *bard* Captivity
Returned Jacob back.

2 Th' iniquity thou didst forgive
That wrought thy people woe,
And all their Sin, *that did thee grieve*
Hast hid *where none shall know.*

3 Thine anger all thou hadst remov'd;
And *calmly* didst return
From thy † fierce wrath which we had prov'd † *Heb.*
Far worse then fire to burn. *The burning heat*

4 God of our saving health and peace, *of thy wrath.*
Turn us, and us restore,
Thine indignation cause to cease
Toward us, *and chide no more.*

5 Wilt thou be angry without end,
For ever angry thus.
Wilt thou thy frowning ire extend
From age to age on us?

6 Wilt thou not * turn, and *hear our voice* * *Heb. Turn*
 And us again * revive, *to quicken us.*

That so thy people may rejoyce
 By thee preserv'd alive.

7 Cause us to see thy goodnefs Lord,
 To us thy mercy shew
 Thy saving health to us afford
And life in us renew.

8 *And now* what God the Lord will speak
 I will go *strait* and hear,
 For to his people he speaks peace
 And to his Saints *full dear*,
 To his dear Saints he will speak peace,
 But let them never more
 Return to folly, *but surcease*
To trespass as before.

9 Surely to such as do him fear
 Salvation is at hand
 And glory shall ere long appear
 To dwell within our Land.

10 Mercy and Truth *that long were miss'd*
 Now joyfully are met
 Sweet Peace and Righteousness have kiss'd
And hand in hand are set.

Truth

- 11 Truth from the earth *like to a flower*
 Shall bud and blossom *then*,
 And Justice from her heavenly bow
 look down *on mortal men*.
- 12 The Lord will also then bestow
 Whatever thing is good
 Our Land shall forth in plenty throw
 Her fruits *to be our food*.
- 13 Before him Righteousness shall go
His Royal Harbinger,
 Then * will he come, and not be slow
 His footsteps cannot err.

* Heb. *He will set his steps to the way.*

PSAL. LXXXVI.

- 1 **T**hy gracious ear, O Lord, encline,
 O hear me *I thee pray*,
 For I am poor, and almost pine
 with need, *and sad decay*.
- 2 Preserve my soul, for † I have trod
 Thy waies, and love the just,
 Save thou thy servant O my God
 Who *still* in thee doth trust.

† Heb. *I am good loving, a doer of good and holy things.*

- 3 Pitty me Lord for daily thee
 I call ; 4. O make rejoyce
 Thy Servants Soul ; for Lord to thee
 I lift my soul *and voice,*
- 5 For thou art good, thou Lord art prone
 To pardon, thou to all
 Art full of mercy, thou *alone*
 To them that on thee call.
- 6 Unto my supplication Lord
 give ear, and to the crie
 Of my *incessant* praiers afford
 Thy hearing graciously.
- 7 I in the day of my distres
 Will call on thee *for aid ;*
 For thou wilt *grant* me *free access*
And answer, what I pray'd.
- 8 Like thee among the gods is none
 O Lord, nor any works
Of all that other gods have done
 Like to thy *glorious* works.
- 9 The Nations all whom thou hast made
 Shall come, *and all shall frame*
 To bow them low before thee Lord,
 And glorific thy name.

- 10 For great thou art, and wonders great
 By thy strong hand are done,
 Thou *in thy everlasting Seat*
 Remainest God alone.
- 11 Teach me O Lord thy way *most right*,
 I in thy truth will bide,
 To fear thy name my heart unite
So shall it never slide
- 12 Thee will I praise O Lord my God
Thee honour, and adore
 With my whole heart, and blaze abroad
 Thy name for ever more.
- 13 For great thy mercy is toward me,
 And thou hast free'd my Soul
 Eev'n from the lowest Hell set free
From deepest darkness foul.
- 14 O God the proud against me rise
 And violent men are met
 To seek my life, and in their eyes
 No fear of thee have set.
- 15 But thou Lord art the God most mild
 Readiest thy grace to shew,
 Slow to be angry, and *art stil'd*
 Most mercifull, most true.

- 16 O turn to me *thy face at length,*
 And me have mercy on,
 Unto thy servant give thy strength,
 And save thy hand-maids Son.
- 17 Some sign of good to me afford,
 And let my foes *then* see
 And be asham'd, because thou Lord
 Do'st help and comfort me.
-

PSAL. LXXXVII.

- 1 **A**mong the holy Mountains *high*
 Is his foundation fast,
There Seated in his Sanctuary,
His Temple there is plac'd.
- 2 Sions *fair* Gates the Lord loves more
 Then all the dwellings *faire*
 Of Jacobs *Land,* though there be store,
 And all within his care.
- 3 City of God, most glorious things
 Of thee *abroad* are spoke;
- 4 I mention Egypt, *where proud Kings*
 Did our forefathers yoke,

- I mention Babel to my friends,
 Philistia full of scorn,
 And Tyre with Ethiops *inmost* ends,
 Lo this man there was born:
 5 But *wise* that praise shall in our ear
 Be said of Sion last
 This and this man was born in her,
 High God shall fix her fast.
 6 The Lord shall write it in a Scrowle
 That ne're shall be out-worn
 When he the Nations doth enrowle
 That this man there was born.
 7 Both they who sing, and they who dance
With sacred Songs are there;
 In thee fresh brooks, and soft streams glance
And all my fountains cleare.

PSAL. LXXXVIII.

- 1 **L**ord God that dost me save and keep,
 All day to thee I cry;
 And all night long, before thee *weep*
 Before thee *prostrate lie.*

2 Into thy presence let my praier

With sighs devout ascend

And to my cries, that *ceaseless are*,

Thine ear with favour bend.

3 For cloy'd with woes and trouble store

Surcharg'd my Soul doth lie,

My life *at deaths uncherful dore*

Unto the grave draws nigh.

4 Reck'n'd I am with them that pass

Down to the *dismal* pit

I am a * man, but weak alas

* Heb. *A man without*

And for that name unfit.

manly strength,

5 From life discharg'd and parted quite

Among the dead *to sleep*,

And like the slain *in bloody fight*.

That in the grave lie *deep*.

Whom thou rememberest no more,

Dost never more regard,

Them from thy hand deliver'd o're

Deaths hideous house hath barr'd.

6 Thou in the lowest pit *profound*

Hast set me *all forlorn*,

Where thickest darkness *hovers round*,

In horrid deeps *to mourn.*

7 Thy wrath *from which no shelter saves*
Full sore doth press on me ;

* Thou break'st upon me all thy waves,

* *The Hebr.*

* And all thy waves break me.

bears both.

8 Thou dost my friends from me estrange,
And mak'st me odious,

Me to them odious, *for they change,*

And I here pent up thus.

9 Through sorrow, and affliction great
Mine eye grows dim and dead,
Lord all the day I thee entreat,
My hands to thee I spread.

10 Wilt thou do wonders on the dead,
Shall the deceas'd arise

And praise thee *from their loathsome bed*
With pale and hollow eyes ?

11 Shall they thy loving kindness tell
On whom the grave *bath bold,*

Or they *who* in perdition dwell
Thy faithfulness *unfold ?*

12 In darkness can thy mighty hand
Or wondrous acts be known,

Thy justice in the *gloomy land*
Of *dark* oblivion ?

13 But I to thee O Lord do cry

E're yet my life be spent,

And ~~up~~ to thee my praier doth bie

Each morn, and thee prevent.

14 Why wilt thou Lord my soul forsake,

And hide thy face from me,

15 That am already bruis'd, and † shake

With terror sent from thee ;

† Heb. Pre
Concussione.

Bruz'd, and afflicted and *so low*

As ready to expire,

While I thy terrors undergo

Astonish'd with thine ire.

16 Thy fierce wrath over me doth flow

Thy threatnings cut me through.

17 All day they round about me go,

Like waves they me persue.

18 Lover and friend thou hast remov'd

And sever'd from me far.

They *fly me now* whom I have lov'd,

And as in darkness are.

F I N I S.

(62)

1. The first of the four
2. The second of the four
3. The third of the four
4. The fourth of the four
5. The fifth of the four
6. The sixth of the four
7. The seventh of the four
8. The eighth of the four
9. The ninth of the four
10. The tenth of the four
11. The eleventh of the four
12. The twelfth of the four
13. The thirteenth of the four
14. The fourteenth of the four
15. The fifteenth of the four
16. The sixteenth of the four
17. The seventeenth of the four
18. The eighteenth of the four
19. The nineteenth of the four
20. The twentieth of the four
21. The twenty-first of the four
22. The twenty-second of the four
23. The twenty-third of the four
24. The twenty-fourth of the four
25. The twenty-fifth of the four
26. The twenty-sixth of the four
27. The twenty-seventh of the four
28. The twenty-eighth of the four
29. The twenty-ninth of the four
30. The thirtieth of the four
31. The thirty-first of the four
32. The thirty-second of the four
33. The thirty-third of the four
34. The thirty-fourth of the four
35. The thirty-fifth of the four
36. The thirty-sixth of the four
37. The thirty-seventh of the four
38. The thirty-eighth of the four
39. The thirty-ninth of the four
40. The fortieth of the four
41. The forty-first of the four
42. The forty-second of the four
43. The forty-third of the four
44. The forty-fourth of the four
45. The forty-fifth of the four
46. The forty-sixth of the four
47. The forty-seventh of the four
48. The forty-eighth of the four
49. The forty-ninth of the four
50. The fiftieth of the four
51. The fifty-first of the four
52. The fifty-second of the four
53. The fifty-third of the four
54. The fifty-fourth of the four
55. The fifty-fifth of the four
56. The fifty-sixth of the four
57. The fifty-seventh of the four
58. The fifty-eighth of the four
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100. The hundredth of the four

Joannis Miltoni
LONDINENSIS
POEMAT A:

Quorum pleraque intra Annum
ætatis Vigefimum Concripfit.

Nunc primum Edita.



LONDINI,
Excudebat W. R. Anno 1673.

modi 21004

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Æc quæ sequuntur de Authore testimonia, tametsi ipse intelligebat non tam de se quam supra se esse dicta, eo quod præclaro ingenio viri, nec non amici ita fere solent laudare, ut omnia suis potius virtutibus, quam veritati congruentia nimis cupide affingant, noluit tamen horum egregiam in se voluntatem non esse notam; Cum alii præsertim ut id faceret magnopere suaderent. Dum enim nimis laudis invidiam totis ab se viribus amolitur, sibi quod plus æquo est non attributum esse mavult, iudicium interim hominum cordatorum atque illustrium quin summo sibi honori ducat, negare non potest.

Joannes

*Joannes Baptista Mansus, Marchi
Villensis Neapolitanus ad Joannem
Miltonium Anglum.*

VT mens, forma, decor, facies, mos, si pietas sic,
Non Anglus, verùm herclè Angelus ipse fores.

*Ad Joannem Miltonem Anglum triplici
poeseos laurea coronandum Græca nimirum,
Latina, atque Hetrusca, Epigramma
Joannis Salsilli Romani.*

CEde Meles, cedat depressa Mincius urna ;
Sebetus Tassum desinat usque loqui ;
At Thamesis victor cunctis ferat altior undas,
Nam per te, Milto, par tribus unus erit.

Ad Joannem Miltonum.

GRæcia Mæonidem, jactet sibi Roma Maronem,
Anglia Miltonum jactat utrique parem.
Selvaggi.

Al Signor Gio. Miltoni Nobile Inglese.

O D E.

ERgimi all' Etra o Clio
 Perche di stelle intrecciero corona
 Non piu del Biondo Dio
 La Fronde eterna in Pindo, e in Ellicona,
 Dienfi a merto maggior, maggiori i fregi,
 A celeste virtu celesti pregi.
 Non puo del tempo edace
 Rimaner preda, eterno alto valore
 Non puo l'oblio rapace
 Furar dalle memorie eccelso onore,
 Su l'arco di mia cetra un dardo forte
 Virtu m'addatti, e feriro la morte.
 Del Ocean profondo
 Cima dagli ampi gorgbi Anglia risiede
 Separata dal mondo,
 Pero che il suo valor l'umano eccede:
 Questa seconda sa produrre Eroi,
 Ch' hanno a ragion del sovrumano tra noi.

Alla

Alla virtù sbandita

*Danno ne i petti lor fido ricetto,
Quella gli e sol gradita,
Perche in lei san trovar gioia, e diletto ;
Ridillo tu, Giovanni, e mostra in tanto
Con tua vera virtù, vero il mio Canto.*

Lungi dal Patrio lido

*Spinse Zeusi l'industre ardente brama ;
Ch' odio d' Helena il grido
Con aurea tromba rimbombar la fama,
E per poterla effigiare al paro
Dalle piu belle Idee trasse il priu raro.*

Così l'Ape Ingegnosa

*Trae con industria il suo liquor pregiato
Dal giglio e dalla rosa,
E quanti vaghi fiori ornano il prato ;
Formano un dolce suon diverse Chorde,
Fan varie voci melodia concorde.*

Di bella gloria amante

Milton dal Ciel natio per varie parti

Le peregrine piante

*Volgesti a ricercar scienze, ed arti ;
Del Gallo regnator vedesti i Regni,
E dell' Italia ancor gl' Eroi più degni.*

Fabro quasi divino

*Sol virtù rintracciando il tuo pensiero
Vide in ogni confino
Chi di nobil valor calca il sentiero ;
L' ottimo dal miglior dopo scogliea
Per fabbricar d' ogni virtù l' Idea.*

Quanti nacquero in Flora

*O in lei del parlar Tosco appreser l' arte,
La cui memoria onora
Il mondo fatta eterna in dotte carte,
Volesti ricercar per tuo tesoro,
E parlasti con lor nell' opre loro.*

Nell' altera Babelle

*Per te il parlar confuse Giove in vano,
Che per varie favelle
Di se stessa trofeo cadde su' l piano :*

*Cb' Ode oltr' all' Anglia il suo piu degno Idioma
Spagna, Francia, Toscana, e Grecia e Roma.*

*I piu profondi arcani
Cb' occulta la natura e in cielo e in terra
Cb' a Ingegni sovrumani
Tropo avara tal' hor gli chiude, e serra;
Chiaramente conosci, e giungi al fine
Della moral virtude al gran confine.*

*Non batta il Tempo l'ale,
Fermisi immoto, e in un fermin si gl' anni,
Che di virtu immortale
Scorron di troppo ingiuriati a i danni;
Che s'opre degne di Poema e storia
Faron gia, l' hai presenti alla memoria.*

*Dammi tua dolce Cetra
Se vuoi ch'io dica del tuo dolce canto,
Cb' inalzandoti all' Etra
Di farli huomo ce' este ottiene il vanto,
Il Tamigi il dira che gl' e concesso
Per te suo cigno pareggiar Permeso.*

Io che in riva del Arno

Tento spiegar tuo merto alto, e preclaro

So che fatico indarno,

E ad ammirar, non a lodarla imparo;

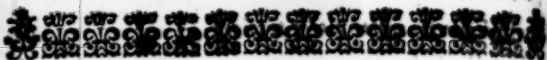
Freno dunque la lingua, e ascolto il core

Che ti prende a lodar con lo stupore.

Del fig. Antonio Francini gentilhuomo

Fiorentino.

JO ANNI



JOANNI MLTONI LONDINENSI.

Juveni Patria, virtutibus eximio,

Viro qui multa peregrinatione, studio cuncta, orbis terrarum loca perspexit, ut novus ulysse omnia ubique ab omnibus apprehenderet.

Polyglotto, in cujus ore linguae jam deperditae sic reviviscunt, ut idiomata omnia sint in ejus laudibus infacunda; Et jure ea percallet ut admirationes & plausus populorum ab propria sapientia excitatos, intelligat.

Illi, cujus animi dotes corporisque, sensus ad admirationem commovent, & per ipsam motum cuique auferunt; cujus opera ad plausum hortantur, sed venustate vocem laudatoribus adimunt.

Cui in Memoria totus Orbis: In Intellectu Sapientia: In voluntate ardor gloriae: In ore Eloquentia: Harmonicos caelestium Sphaerarum sonitus Astronomia Duce audienti; Characteres mirabilium naturae per quos Dei magnitudo describitur magistra Philosophia ingenti; Antiquitatum latebras, vetustatis excidia, eruditionis ambages comite assidua autorum Lectione.

Exquirenti, restauranti, percurrenti.

At cur nitor in arduum?

Illi in cujus virtutibus evulgandis ora Fame non sufficiant, in hominum stupor in laudandis satis est. Reverentiae & amoris erga hoc ejus mentis debitum admirationis tributum offert Carolus Datus Patricius Florentinus.

Tanto homini servus, tantae virtutis amator.

Elegiarum

ELEGIARUM

Liber Primus.

Elegia prima ad *Carolus Diodatum*.

T Andem, chare, tuæ mihi pervenere tabellæ,
 Pertulit & voces nuncia charta tuas,
 Pertulit occiduâ Devæ Cestrensis ab orâ

Vergivium prono quâ petit amne salum.

Multùm crede juvat terras aluisse remotas

Pectus amans nostri, tamque fidele caput,

Quòdque mihi lepìdum tellus longinq̃ua sodalem

Debet, at unde brevi reddere jussa velit.

Me tenet urbs reflua quam Thameſis alluit undâ,

Meque nec invitum patria dulcis habet.

Jam nec arundiferum mihi cura revifere Càmum,

Nec dudum vetiti me laris angit amor.

Nuda nec arva placent, umbrasque negantia molles,

Quàm male Phœbicolis convenit ille locus!

Nec duri libet ufque minas perferre magiſtri

Cæteraque ingenio non ſubeunda meo.

Si sit hoc exilium patrios adiisse penates,
 Et vacuum curis otia grata sequi,
 Non ego vel profugi nomen, sortemve reculo,
 Latus & exilii conditione fruor
 O utinam vates nunquam graviora tulisset
 Ille Tomitano flebilis exul agro,
 Non tunc Jonio quicquam cecidisset Homero
 Neve foret victo laus tibi prima Maro.
 Tempora nam licet hic placidis date libera Musis,
 Et totum rapiunt me mea vita libri.
 Excipit hinc sessum siquosi pompa theatri,
 Et vocat ad plausus garrula scena suos,
 Seu catus auditur senior, seu prodigus haeres,
 Seu procus, aut posita casside miles adest,
 Sive decennali secundus lite patronus
 Detonat inculto barbara verba foro
 Saepe vaser gnato succurrit fervus amanti,
 Et nasum rigidi fallit ubique Patris,
 Saepe novos illic virgo mirata calores
 Quid sit amor nescit, dum quoque nescit, amat.
 Sive eructatum furiosa Tragedia scriptum
 Quassat, & effusus cinibus ora rotat,
 Et dolet, & ispektor, juvat & spectasse dolendo,
 Interdum & lacrymis dulcis amor, inest :

Seu puer infelix indelibata reliquit

Gaudia, & abrupto flendus amore cadit,

Seu ferus è tenebris iterat Styga originis ultor

Conscia funereo pectora terre movens,

Seu mæret Pelopeia domus, seu nobilis Ili,

Aut luit incestu aula Creontis avos.

Sed neque sub tecto semper nec in urbe latemus,

Irrita nec nobis tempora veris cunct.

Nos quoque lucus habet vicina confusus ulmo

Atque suburbani nobilis umbra loci.

Sæpius hic blandas sperantia sidera flammias

Virgineos videas præteruisse choros.

Ah quoties dignæ stupui miracula formæ

Quæ possit senium vel reparare Jovis;

Ah quoties vidi superantia lymina geminas,

Atque faces quæquor volvit uterque polus;

Collaque bis vivi Pelopis quæ brachia vincant,

Quæque fluit pulso nectare tincta via;

Et decus eximium frontis, tremulosque capillos;

Aurea quæ fallax retia tendit Amor.

Pellacesque genas, ad quas hyacinthina sordet

Purpura, & ipse tui floris, Adoni, rubor.

Cedite laudatæ toties Heroides olim,

Et quæcunque vagum cepit amica Jovem.

Cedite Achæmenia: turritâ fronte puellæ,
 Et quot Sufa colunt, Memnoniamque Ninon,
 Vos etiam Danaæ fasces submittite Nymphæ,
 Et vos Iliacæ, Rômuleæque nurus,
 Nec Pompeianas Tarpëia Musa columnas
 Jactet, & Ausoniis plena theatra stolis,
 Gloria Virginibus debetur prima Britannis,
 Extera sat tibi sit fecmina posse sequi.
 Tuque urbs Dardaniis Londinium structa colonis
 Turrigerum latè conspicienda caput,
 Tu nimium felix intra tua moenia claudis
 Quicquid formosi pendulus orbis habet.
 Non tibi tot cælo scintillant astra sereno
 Endymionæ turba ministra deæ,
 Quot tibi conspicuæ formæque aurôque puellæ
 Per medias radiant turba videnda vias,
 Creditur huc geminis venisse infecta columbis
 Alma pharetrigero milite cincta Venus,
 Huic Cnidon, & riguas Simoentis flumine valles,
 Huic Paphon, & roseam possit habitura Cypron.
 Ast ego, dum pueri finit indulgentia cæci,
 Mœnia quàm subitò relinquere fausta paro;
 Et vitare procul malefidæ infamia Circes
 Atria, divini Molyos usus opê.

Stat quoque juncosq; Cami remeare paludes,
 Atque iterum rauca mûrmur adire Scholæ.
 Interea fidi parvum capè munus amici,
 Paucaque in alternos verba coacta modos.

Elegia secunda, Anno ætatis 17.

*In obitum Præconis Academicî
 Cantabrigiensis.*

TE, qui conspicuus baculo fulgente solebas
 Palladium toties ore ciete gregem,

Ultima præcontum præconem te quoque seiva

Mors rapit, officio nec favet ipsa suo.

Candidiora licet fuerint tibi tempora plumis

Sub quibus accipimus delituisse Jovem,

O dignus tamen Hæmonio juvenescere Iuoco,

Dignus in Æsonios vivere posse diès,

Dignus quem Strygiis medicâ revocaret ab undis

Arte Coronides, sæpe rogante dea.

Tu si jussus eras acies accire togatas,

Et celer à Phœbo nuntius ire tuo,

Talis in Iliacâ stabat Cyllenius aula

Alipes, æthereâ missus ab arce Patris.

Talis & Eurybatas ante ora furentis Achillei

Rettulit Atridae iussa se vera ducis

Magna sepulchrorum regina, satellites Averni

Sæva nimis Minus, Palladis sæva nimis,

Quin illos rapias qui pondus inutile terræ,

Turbo quidam est telis ista petenda tuis

Vestibus hunc igitur pullis Academia luge,

Et madeant Achrymis nigra feretra tuic

Fundat & ipsa modos querchunda Elegia tristes,

Perfonet & totis nania moesta scholis.

Elegia tertia, Anno ætatis 17.

In obitu Presulis Wintoniensis

Mœstus eram, & tacitus nullo comitante sedebam
Hærebantque animo tristia plura meo

Protinus en subiit funesta cladis Imago

Fecit in Angliaco quam Libitina solo;

Dum procerum iugula, et splendentes marmore pueri

Dira sepulchrali mors metuenta facit;

Pulsavitque auro gravidos & jaspide muros

Nec metuit satrapum sternere falce greges

Tunc memini clarique ducis, fratrisque verendi

Intempestivis ossa trornate rotis

Et memini Heroum quos vidit ad æthera raptos,

Flevit & amissos Belgia tota duces.

At te præcipuè luxi dignissime præsul,

Wintoniæque olim gloria magna tuæ;

Delicui fletu, & tristi sic ore querebar,

Mors fera Tartareo diua secunda Iovi,

Nonne satis quod sylva tuas persentiat iras,

Et quod in herbosos jussu tibi detur agros,

Quodque afflata tuo marcescant lilia tabo,

Et crocus, & pulchræ Cypridi sacra rosa;

Nec finis ut semper fluvio contemmina quercus

Miretur lapsus prætereuntis aquæ?

Et tibi succumbit liquido quæ plurima cœlo

Evehitur pennis quamlibet augur avis,

Et quæ mille nigris errant animalia sylvis,

Et quod alunt mutum Proteos antra pecus;

Invida, tanta tibi cum sit concessa potestas;

Quid juvat humanâ tingere cæde manus?

Nobileque in pectus certas acuisse sagittas,

Semideamque animam sedē singasse suâ?

Talia dum lacrymans alto sub pectore volvo,

Roscidus occiduis Hesperus exit aquis,

Et Tartessio submerferat æquore currum

Phœbus, ab eô littore mensus iter.

Nec mora, membra cavo posui refovenda cubili,

Condiderant oculos noxque soporque meos,

Cum mihi visus eram lato spatiarier agro,

Heu nequit ingenium visa referre meum.

Illic puniceâ radiabant omnia luce,

Ut matutino cum juga sole rubent.

Ac veluti cum pandit opes Thaumantia proles,

Vestitu nituit multicolore solum.

Non dea tam variis ornavit floribus hortos

Alcinoi, Zephyro Chloris amata levi.

Flumina vernantes lambunt argentea campos,

Ditior Hesperio flavet arena Tago.

Serpit odoriferas per opes levis aura Favoni,

Aura sub innumeris humida nata rosis.

Talis in extremis terræ Gangetidis oris

Luciferi regis fingitur esse domus.

Ipse racemiferis dum densas vitibus umbras

Et pelluentes miror ubique locos,

Ecce mihi subito Præsul Wintonius astat,

Sydereum nitido fulsit in ore jubar,

Vestis ad auratos defluxit candida talos,

Insula divinum cinxerat alba caput.

Dumque senex tali incedit venerandus amictu,

Intremuit læto florea terra sono.

Agmina gemmatis plaudunt cœlestia pennis,

Pura triumphali personat æthra tubâ.

Quisque novum amplexu comitem cantuque salutar,

Hosque aliquis placido misit ab ore sonos;

Nate veni, & patrii felix cape gaudia regni,

Semper ab hinc duro, nate, labore vaca.

Dixit, & aligeræ tetigerunt nabilia turmæ,

At mihi cum tenebris aurea pulsa quies.

Flebam turbatos Cephaleiâ pellicè somnos,

Talia contingant somnia sæpe mihi.

Elegia quarta. Anno ætatis 18.

*Ad Thomam Junium præceptorem suum,
apud mercatores Anglicos Hamburgæ
agentes, Pastoris munere fungentem.*

Curre per immensum subito mea littera pontum,

I, pete Teutonicos læve per æquor agros,

Segnes rumpe moras, & nil, precor, obstat eunti,

Et festinantis nil remoretur iter.

Ipsè ego Sicanio frænantem carcere ventos

Eolon, & virides sollicitabo Deos;

Ceruleamque suis comitatam Dorida Nymphis,

Ut tibi dent placidam per sua regna viam.

At

At tu, si poteris, celeris tibi sume jugales,
 Vecta quibus Colchis fugit ab ore viri,
 Aut quæis Triptolemus Scythicas devenit in oras
 Gratus Eleusinâ missus ab urbe puer.
 Atque ubi Germanas flavere videbis arenas
 Ditis ad Hamburgæ mœnia flecte gradum,
 Dicitur occiso quæ ducere nomen ab Hamâ,
 Cimbrica quem fertur clava dedisse neci.
 Vivit ibi antiquæ clarus pietatis honore
 Præsul Christicolas pascere doctus oves;
 Ille quidem est animæ plusquam pars altera nostræ,
 Dimidio vixi, vixit ego, ego sum.
 Hei mihi quot pelagi, quot montes interjecti
 Me faciunt alia parâcere mihi.
 Chærior ille mihi quam tu doctrinæ gratum
 Clinia di, pronepos qui Telamonis erat.
 Quàmque Stagiritæ generoso magnus alumno,
 Quem peperit Libyco Chaonis alma Jovi.
 Qualis Amyntorides, qualis Philyræius Heros
 Myrmidonum regi, talis & ille mihi.
 Primus ego Aonios illo præeunte recessus
 Lustrabam, & bifidi sacra vireta jugi,
 Pieriosque hausi latices, Clioque favente,
 Castalio sparsilæta ter ora mero.

Flammeus at signum ter viderat arietis Ethon;
 Induxitque auro lanea terga novo,
 Bisque novo terram sparsisti Chlorigenilem
 Gramine, bisque tuas abstulit Auster opes:
 Necdum ejus liquit mihi lumina pascere vultu,
 Aut linguæ dulces aure bibisse sonos.
 Vade igitur, cursuque Eurum præverte sonorum,
 Quàm sit opus monitis res docet, ipsa vides.
 Iovenies dulci cum conjuge forte sedentem,
 Mulcentem gremio pignora chara suo,
 Forsitan aut veterum præ larga volumina patrum
 Versantem, aut veri biblia sacra Dei.
 Cælestive animas saturantem rore tenellas,
 Grande salutiferæ religionis opus,
 Utque solet, multam, sit dicere cura salutem,
 Dicere quam decuit, si modo adesset, verum.
 Hæc quoque paulum oculos in humum defixa modestos,
 Verba verecundo sis memor ore loqui:
 Hæc tibi, si teneris vacat inter prælia Mulsis.
 Mittit ab Angliaco littore fida manus:
 Accipe sinceram, quamvis sit fæta, salutem;
 Fiat & hoc ipso gratior illa tibi.
 Sera quidem, sed vera fuit, quam casta recepit
 Icaris a lento Penelopeia viro.

Ast ego quid volui manifestum tollere crimen,
 Ipse quod ex omni parte levare nequit.
 Arguitur tardus meritò, noxamque fatetur,
 Et pudet officium deseruisse suum.
 Tu modò da veniam fasso, veniamque roganti,
 Crimina diminui, quæ patuere, solent.
 Non ferus in pavidos rictus diducit hiantes,
 Vulnifico pronos nec rapit ungue leo.
 Sæpe sarisiferi crudelia pectora Thracis
 Supplicis ad mœstas delicuere preces.
 Extensæque manus avertunt fulminis ictus,
 Placat & iratos hostia parva Deos.
 Jamque diu scripsisse tibi fuit impetus illi,
 Neve moras ultra ducere passus Amor.
 Nam vaga Fama refert, heu nuntia vera malorum!
 In tibi finitimis bella tumere locis,
 Teque tuamque urbem truculento milite cingi,
 Et jam Saxonicos arma parasse duces.
 Te circum latè campos populatur Enyo,
 Et fata carne virum jam cruor arva rigat.
 Germanisque suum concessit Thracia Martem,
 Illuc Odrysios Mars pater egit equos.
 Perpetuòque comans jam deflorescit oliva,
 Fugit & ærisonam Diva perosa tubam,

Fugit

Fugit io terris, & jam non ultima virgo
 Creditur ad superas iusta volasse domos.
 Te tamen interea belli circumsonat horror,
 Vivis & ignoto solus inopisq; solo;
 Et, tibi quam patrii non exhibuere penates
 Sede peregrinâ quæris egenus opem.
 Patria dura parens, & saxis sævior albis
 Spumea quæ pulsat littoris unda tui,
 Siccine te decet innocuos exponere sætus,
 Siccine in externam ferrea cogis humum,
 Et finis ut terris quærant alimenta remotis
 Quos tibi prospiciens miserat ipse Deus,
 Et qui læta ferunt de cælo nuntia, quique
 Quæ via post cineres ducat ad astra, docent?
 Digna quidem Stygiis quæ vivas clausa tenebris,
 Eternâque animæ digna perire fame!
 Haud aliter vates terræ Thesbitidis olim
 Preffit inassueto devia tesqua pede,
 Desertasque Arabum salebras, dum regis Achabi
 Effugit atque tuas, Sidoni dira, manus.
 Talis & horrifono laceratus membra flagello,
 Paulus ab Æmathiâ pellitur urbe Cilix.
 Piscosæque ipsum Gergessæ civis Jesum
 Finibus ingratus jussit abire suis.

At

At tu sume animos, nec spes cadat anxie curis.

Nec tua concutiat decolor ossa metus.

Sis etenim quamvis fulgentibus oblitus armis,

Intententque tibi millia tela necem,

At nullis vel incerne latus violabitur armis,

Deque tuo cuspis nulla cruore bibet.

Namque eris ipse Dei radiante sub ægide tutus,

Ille tibi custos, & pugillille tibi;

Ille Sionæ qui tot sub moenibus arcis

Affyrios fudit nocte silente viros;

Inque fugam vertit quos in Samaritidas oras

Misit ab antiquis præcar Damascenis agris,

Terruit & densas pavido cum rege cohortes,

Aere dum vacuo buccina clara sonat,

Cornea pulvereum dum verberat ungula campum,

Currus arenosum dum quatit actus humum,

Auditurque hinnitus equorum ad bella ruentium,

Et strepitus ferri, marmuraque alta virum.

Et tu (quod superest miseri) sperare memento,

Et tua magnanimo pectore vince mala.

Nec dubites quandoque frui melioribus annis,

Atque iterum patrios posse videre latus.

Elegia quinta, Anno ætatis 20;

In adventum veris.

IN se perpetuo Tempus revolvibile gyro

Jam revocat Zephyros vere tepente novos.

Induiturque brevem Tellus reparata juventam,

Jamque soluta gelu dulce virescit humus.

Fallor? an & nobis redeunt in carmina vires,

Ingeniumque mihi munere veris adest?

Munere veris adest, iterumque vigescit ab illo

(Quis putet) atque aliquod jam sibi poscit opus.

Castalis ante oculos, bifidumque cacumen oberrat,

Et mihi Pyrenen somnia nocte ferunt.

Concitaque arcano fervent mihi pectora motu,

Et furor, & sonitus me sacer intus agit.

Delius ipse venit, video Penæide lauro

Implicitos crines; Delius ipse venit.

Jam mihi mens liquidi raptatur in ardua cæli,

Perque vagas nubes corpore liber eo,

Perque umbras, perque antra feror penetralia vatum,

Et mihi sana patent interiora Deum.

Intuiturque animas toto quid agatur Olympo,

Nec fugiunt oculos Tartara cæca meos.

Quid

Quid tam grande sonat discento spiritus ore?

Quid parit hæc rabies, quid sacer iste furor?

Ver mihi, quod dedit ingenium, cantabitur illo;

Profuerint isto reddita dona modo.

Jam Philomela tuos solis adoperta novellis

Instituis modulos, dum filet omne nemus!

Urbe ego, tu sylvâ simul incipiamus utrique,

Et simul adventum veris uterque canat.

Veris io redicere vices, celebremus honores

Veris, & hoc subeat Musa perennis opus:

Jam sol Æthiopus fugiens Tithoniaque arva,

Flectit ad Arctôas aurea lora plagas.

Est breve noctis iter, brevis est mora noctis opacæ

Horrida cum tenebris exulat illa suis.

Jamque Lycaonius plaustrum cæleste Boötes

Non longâ sequitur fessus ut ante viâ,

Nunc etiam solitas circum Jovis atria toto

Excubias agitant sydera rara polo.

Nam dolus, & cædes, & vis cum nocte recessit,

Neve Giganteum Dii timuere scelus.

Forte aliquis scopuli regnans in vertice pastor;

Roscida cum primo sole rubescit humus,

Hac, ait, hac certè caruisti nocte puellâ

Phæbe tuâ, celeres quæ retineret equos.

Læta suas repetit sylvas, pharetramque resumit

Cynthia, Luciferas ut videt alta rotas,

Et tenues ponens radios gaudere videtur

Officium fieri tam breve fratris ope.

Desere, Phoebus ait, thalamos Aurora seniles;

Quid juvat effæto procubuisse toro?

Te manet Æolides viridi venator in herba,

Surge, tuos ignes altus Hymettus habet.

Flava verecundo dea crimen in ore fatetur,

Et matutinos ocyus urget equos.

Exuit invisam Tellus rediviva senectam,

Et cupit amplexus Phoebe subire tuos;

Et cupit, & digna est, quid enim formosius illâ,

Pandit ut omniferos luxuriosa sinus,

Atque Arabum spirat messes, & ab ore venusto

Mitia cum Paphiis fundit amorna rosis.

Ecce coronatur sacro frons ardua luco,

Cingit ut Idæam pinea turris Opim;

Et vario madidos intexit flore capillos,

Floribus & visa est posse placere suis.

Floribus effusos ut erat redimita capillos

Tenario placuit diva Sicana Deo.

Aspice Phoebe tibi faciles hortantur amores,

Mellitæque movent flamina verna preces.

Cinnamēa Zephyrus leve plaudit odorifer alā,
 Blanditiaſque tibi ferre videntur aves.
 Nec ſine dote tuos temeraria quærit amores
 Terra, nec optatos poſcit egena toros,
 Alma ſalutiferum medicos tibi gramen in uſus
 Præbet, & hinc tículos adjuvat ipſa tuos.
 Quòd ſi te pretium, ſi te fulgentia tangunt
 Munera, (muneribus ſæpe coemptus Amor)
 Illa tibi oſtentat quaſcunque ſub æquore vaſto,
 Et ſuperinjectis montibus abdit opes.
 Ah quoties cum tu clivoſo feſſus Olympo
 In veſpertinaſ præcipitaris aquas,
 Cur te, inquit, curſu languentem Phœbe diurno
 Heſperiis recipit Cærule mater aquis?
 Quid tibi cum Tethy? Quid cum Tarteffide lymphâ,
 Dia quid immundo perluis ora ſalo?
 Frigora Phœbe meâ melius captabis in umbrâ,
 Huc ades, ardentes imbue rore comas.
 Mollior egeliâ veniet tibi ſomnus in herbâ,
 Huc ades, & gremio lumina pone meo,
 Quâque jaces circum mulcebit lene ſufurrans
 Aura per humentes corpora fuſa roſas.
 Nec me (crede mihi) terrent Semeleia fata,
 Nec Phætonteo fumidus axis equo;

Cum

Cum tu Phoebe tuo sapientius uteris igni,
 Huc ades & gremio lumina pone meo:
 Sic Tellus lasciva suos suspirat amores;
 Matris in exemplum cætera turba ruunt.
 Nunc etenim toto currit vagus orbe Cupido,
 Languentesque fovet solis ab igne faces:
 Insonuere novis lethalia cornua nervis,
 Triste micant ferro tela corusca novo.
 Jamque vel invictam tentat superasse Dianam,
 Quæque sedet sacro Vesta pudica foco.
 Ipsa senescentem reparat Venus annua formam,
 Atque iterum tepido creditur orta mari.
 Marmoreas juvenes clamant Hymenæe per urbes,
 Litus io Hymen, & cava saxa sonant.
 Cultior ille venit tunicâque decentior aptâ,
 Punicum redolet vestis odora crocum.
 Egrediturque frequens ad amoeni gaudia veris
 Virgineos auro cincta puella sinus.
 Votum est cuique suum, votum est tamen omnibus unum,
 Ut sibi quem cupiat, det Cytherea virum.
 Nunc quoque septenâ modulatur arundine pastor,
 Et sua quæ jungat carmina Phyllis habet.
 Natvia nocturno placat sua sydera cantu,
 Delphinasque leves ad vada summa vocat.

Jupiter ipse alto cum conjuge ludit Olympo,
 Convocat & famulos ad fira festa Deos.
 Nunc etiam Satyri cum sera crepuscula surgunt,
 Pervolitant celeri florea rura choro,
 Sylvanusque suâ Cyparissi fronde revinctus,
 Semicaperque Deus, semideusque caper.
 Quæque sub arboribus Dryades latuere vetustis
 Per juga, per solos expatiantur agros.
 Per sata luxuriat fruticetaque Mænalius Pan,
 Vix Cybele mater, vix tibi tuta Ceres,
 Atque aliquam cupidus prædatur Oreada Faunus,
 Consulit in trepidòs dum tibi Nympha pedes,
 Jamque latet, latitansque cupit male tecta videri,
 Et fugit, & fugiens pervelit ipsa capi.
 Dii quoque non dubitant cælo præponere sylvas;
 Et sua quisque tibi numina lucus habet.
 Et sua quisque diu tibi numina lucus habeto,
 Nec vos arboreâ dii precor ite domo.
 Te referant miseris te Jupiter aurea terris
 Sæcla, quid ad nimbos aspera tela redis?
 Tu saltem lenè rapidos age Phoebe iugales
 Quà potes, & sensim tempora veris eant.
 Brumaque productas tardè ferat hispida noctes,
 Ingruat & nostro serior umbra polo.

Elegia sexta.

*Ad Carolum Diodatum ruri com-
morantem.*

*Qui cum idibus Decemb. scripisset, & sua
carmina excusari postulasset si solito minus
essent bona, quod inter lautitias quibus erat
ab amisis exceptus, haud satis felicem ope-
ram Musis dare se posse affirmabat, hunc
habuit responsum.*

Mitto tibi sanam non pleno ventre salutem,
Quâ tu dissentio forte carere potes.

At tua quid nostram prolestat Musa camœnam,

Nec finit optatas posse sequi tenebras?

Carmine scire velis quàm te redamémque colámque,

Crede mihi vix hoc carmine scire queas.

Nam neque noster amor modulis includitur artis,

Nec venit ad claudos integer ipse pedes.

Quàm bene solennes epulas, hilaremque Decembrim

Festaque cœlifugam quæ coluere Deum,

Deliciasque refers, hybernæ gaudia ruris,

Haustraque per lepidos Gallica musta focos.

Quid queretis refugam vino dapibusque poësin?

Carmen amat Bacchum, Carmina Bacchus amat.

Nec puduit Phœbum virides gēstasse corymbos,

Atque hederam lauro præposuisse suz.

Sæpius Aoniis clamavit collibus Eucē

Mista Thyonēo turba novena choro.

Naso Corallæis mala carmina misit ab agris:

Non illic epulæ non sata vitis erat.

Quid nisi vina, rosasque racemiferumque Lyæum

Cantavit brevibus Tēia Musa modis,

Pindaricosque inflat numeros Teumesiū Evan,

Et redolet sumptum pagina quæque merum.

Dum gravis everso currus crepat axe supinus,

Et volat Eléo pulvere fuscus eques.

Quadrimoque madens Lyricen Romanus Iaccho

Dulce canit Glyceran, flavicomamque Chloen.

Jam quoque lauta tibi generoso mensa paratu,

Mentis alit vires, ingeniumque fovet.

Massica fœcundam despumant pocula venam,

Fundis & ex ipso condita metra cado.

Addimus his artes, fufumque per intima Phœbum

Corda, favent uni Bacchus, Apollo, Ceres.

Scilicet haud mirum tam dulcia carmina per te

Numine composito tres peperisse Deos.

Nunc quoque Thressa tibi cælato barbitos auro

Insonat argutâ molliter ic̃ta manu;

Auditurque

Auditurque chelys fufpenfa tapetia circum,

Virgineos tremulâ quæ regat arte pedes.

Ille tuas faltem teneant fpectacula Mufas,

Et revocent, quantum crapula pellit iners.

Crede mihi dum pfallit ebur, comitataque plectrum

Implet odoratos fefta chorea tholos,

Percipies tacitum per pectora ferpere Phœbum,

Quale repentinus permeat offa calor,

Perque puellares oculos digitumque fonantem

Irruet in totos lapfa Thalia finus.

Namque Elegia levis multorum cura deorum eft,

Et vocat ad numeros quemlibet illa fuos;

Liber adefl elegis, Eratoque, Ceresque, Venusque,

Et cum purpureâ matre tenellus Amor.

Talibus inde licent convivia larga poetis,

Sæpius & veteri commaduiffe mero.

At qui bella refert, & adulto fub Jove cœlum,

Heroasque pios, femideosque duces,

Et nunc fancta canit fuperum confulta deorum,

Nunc latrata fero regna profunda cane,

Ille quidem parce Samii pro more magiftri

Vivat, & innocuos præbeat herba cibos;

Stet prope fagineo pellucida lympha catillo,

Sobriaque è puro pocula fonte bibat.

Additur huic scelerisque vacans, & casta juvenis,
 Et rigidi mores, & sine labe manus.
 Qualis veste nitens sacrâ, & lustralibus undis
 Surgis ad infensos augur iture Deos.
 Hoc ritu vixisse ferunt post rapta sagacem
 Lumina Tiresian, Ogygiumque Linon,
 Et lare devoto profugum Calchanta, senemque
 Orpheon edomitis sola per antra feris;
 Sic dapis exiguus, sic rivi potor Homerus
 Dulichium vexit per freta longa virum,
 Et per Monstrificam Perseïæ Phœbadôs aulam,
 Et vada scœmineis insidiosa sonis,
 Perque tuas rex ime domos, ubi sanguine nigro
 Dicitur umbrarum detinuisse greges.
 Diis etenim sacer est vates, divûmque sacerdos,
 Spirat & occultum pectus, & ora Jovem.
 At tu si quid agam, scitabere (si modò saltem
 Esse putas tanti noscere siquid agam)
 Paciferum canimus cœlesti semine regem,
 Fausta que sacratis sæcula pacta libris,
 Vagiturque Dei, & stabulantem paupere tecto
 Qui suprema suo cum patre regna colit.
 Stelliparumque polum, modulantesque æthere turmas,
 Et subitò elisos ad sua fana Deos.

Dona quidem dedimus Christi natalibus illa

Illam sub auroram lux mihi prima tulit.

Te quoque pressa manent patriis meditata cicutis,

Tu mihi, cui recitem, iudicis instar eris.

Elegia septima, Anno ætatis
undevigesimo.

Nondum blanda tuas leges Amathusia nôram,
Et Paphio vacuum pectus ab igne fuit.

Sæpe cupidineas, puerilia tela, sagittas,

Atque tuum sprevi maxime, numen, Amor.

Tu puer imbelles dixi transige columbas,

Conveniunt tenero mollia bella duci.

Aut de passeribus tumidos age, parve, triumphos,

Hæc sunt militiæ digna trophæa tuæ:

In genus humanum quid inania dirigis arma?

Non valet in fortissima pharetra viros.

Non tulit hoc Cyprius, (neque enim Deus ullus ad iras

Promptior) & duplici jam serus igne calet.

Ver erat, & summae radians per culmina villæ

Attulerat primam lux tibi Maie diem:

At mihi adhuc refugam quærebant lumina noctem

Nec matutinum sustinere jubar.

Astat

Astat Amor lecto, pictis Amor impiger alis,
 Prodidit astantem mota pharetra Deum :
 Prodidit & facies, & dulce minantis ocelli,
 Et quicquid puero, dignum & Amore fuit.
 Talis in æterno juvenis Sigeius Olympo
 Miscet amatori pocula plena Jovi
 Aut qui formosas pellexit ad oscula nymphas
 Thiodamantæus Naiade raptus Hylas ;
 Addideratque iras, sed & has decuisse putares,
 Addideratque truces, nec sine felle minas.
 Et miser exemplo sapiisses tutius, inquit,
 Nunc mea quid possit dextera testis eris.
 Inter & expertos vires numerabere nostras,
 Et faciam vero per tua damna fidem.
 Ipse ego si nescis strato Pythone superbum
 Edomui Phœbum, cessit & ille mihi ;
 Et quoties meminit Peneidos, ipse fatetur
 Certius & gravius tela nocere mea.
 Me nequit adductum curvare peritius arcum,
 Qui post terga solet vincere Parthus eques.
 Cydoniusque mihi cedit venator, & ille
 Inscius uxori qui necis author erat.
 Est etiam nobis ingens quoque victus Orion,
 Herculeæque manus, Herculeusque comes.

Jupiter ipse licet sua fulmina torqueat in me,

Hærebunt lateri spicula nostra Jovis.

Cætera quæ dubitas meliùs mea ræla docebunt,

Et tua non leviter corda petenda mihi.

Nec te stulte tuæ poterunt defendere Musæ,

Nec tibi Phœbeus porriget anguis opem.

Dixit, & aurato quatiens mucrone sagittam,

Evolat in tepidos Cypridos ille sinus.

At mihi risuro tonuit ferus ore minaci,

Et mihi de puero non metus ullus erat,

Et modò quæ nostri spatiantur in urbe Quirites

Et modò villarum proxima rura placent.

Turba frequens, facièque simillima turba dearum

Splendida per medias itque reditque vias.

Auctaque luce dies gemino fulgore corascat,

Fallor ? an & radios hinc quoque Phœbus habet.

Hæc ego non fugi spectacula grata severus,

Impetus & quò me fert juvenilis, agor.

Lumina luminibus malè providus obvia misi

Neve oculos potui continuïsse meos.

Unam forte aliis supereminuisse notabam,

Principium nostri lux erat illa mali.

Sic Venus optaret mortalibus ipsa videri,

Sic regina Deûm conspicienda fuit.

Hanc

Hanc memor objecit nobis malus ille Cupido,
 Solus & hos nobis texuit antè dolos.
 Nec procul ipse vaser latuit, multæque sagittæ,
 Et facis a tergo grande pendit onus.
 Nec mora, nunc ciliis hæsit, nunc virginis ori,
 Infilit hinc labiis, infidet inde genis:
 Et quascunque agilis partes jaculator oberrat,
 Hei mihi, mille locis pectus inerte ferit.
 Protinus insoliti subierunt corda furores,
 Uror amans intus, flammaque totus eram.
 Interea misero quæ jam mihi sola placebat,
 Ablata est oculis non reditura meis.
 Ast ego progredior tacitè querebundus, & excors,
 Et dubius volui sæpe referre pedem.
 Findor, & hæc remanet, sequitur pars altera votum,
 Raptaque tam subito gaudia flere juvat.
 Sic dolet amissum proles Junonia coelum,
 Inter Lemniacos præcipitata focos.
 Talis & abreptum solem respexit, ad Orcum
 Vectus ab attonitis Amphiarus equis.
 Quid faciam infelix, & luctu victus, amores
 Nec licet inceptos ponere, neve sequi.
 O utinam spectare semel mihi detur amatos
 Vultus, & coràm tristia verba loqui !

Forſitan

Forſitan & duro non eſt adamante creata,
 Forte nec ad noſtras ſurdeat illa preces.

Crede mihi nullus ſic infeliciter arſit,

Ponar in exemplo primus & unus ego.

Purce precor teneri cum ſis Deus ales amoris,

Pugnent officio nec tua facta tuo.

ſan tuus O certè eſt mihi formidabilis arcus,

Nate deâ, jaculis nec minus igne potens :

Et tua ſumabunt noſtris altaria donis,

Solus & in ſuperis tu mihi ſummus eris.

Deme meos tandem, verùm nec deme furores,

Nefcio cur, miſer eſt ſuaviter omnis amans :

Tu modo da facilis, poſthæc mea ſiqua futura eſt,

Cuspis amatuſos figat ut una duos.

HÆc ego mente olim lævâ, ſtudioque ſupino

Nequitiaæ poſui vana trophæa meæ.

ſcilicet abreptum ſic me malus impulit error,

Indociliſque ætas prava magiſtra fuit.

Donec Socraticos umbroſa Academia rivos

Præbuit, admiſſum dedocuitque jugum.

ſotinus extinctis ex illo tempore flammis,

Cincta rigent multo pectora noſtra gelu.

nde ſuis frigus metuit puer ipſe Sagittis,

Et Diomedéam vim timet ipſe Venus.

In Proditionem Bombardicam.

Cum simul in regem nuper satrapasque Britannos
 Ausus es infandum perfide Fauxe nefas,
 Fallor? an & mitis voluisti ex parte videri,
 Et pensare malâ cum pietate scelus;
 Scilicet hos alti missurus ad atria cæli,
 Sulphureo curru flammivolisque rotis.
 Qualiter ille feris caput inviolabile Parcis
 Liquit Jördanios turbine raptus agros.

In eandem.

Siccine tentaſti cælo donâſſe Jâcobum
 Quæ ſeptemgeminò Belua monte lates?
 Nî meliora tuum poterit dare munera numen,
 Parce precor donis inſidioſa tuis.
 Ille quidem ſine te confortia ſerus adivit
 Aſtra, nec inferni pulveris uſus ope.
 Sic potiùs ſœdos in cælum pelle cucullos,
 Et quot habet brutos Roma profana Deos,
 Namque hac aut aliâ niſi quemque adjuveris arte,
 Crede mihi cæli vix bene ſcandet iter.

In eandem.

Purgatorem animæ derisit Iacobus ignem,
Et sine quo superûm non adeunda domus.

Arripuit hoc trinâ monstrum Latiale coronâ

Movit & horrificum corona dena minax.

Enec inultus ait temnes mea sacra Britanne,

Supplicium speretâ religione dabis.

Et si stelligeras unquam penetraveris arces,

Non nisi per flammâs triste patebit iter.

O quàm funesto cecinisti proxima vero,

Verbaque ponderibus vix caritura suis!

Nam prope Tartareo sublime rotatus ab igni

Lat ad æthereas umbra perusta plagas.

In eandem.

Quem modò Roma suis devoverat impia diris,

Et Styge damnarât Tænarioque sinu,

Hunc vice mutatâ jam tollere gestit ad astra,

Et cupit ad superos evehere usque Deos.

In

In inventorem Bombardæ.

JApetionidem laudavit cæca vetustas,
 Qui tulit ætheream solis ab axe facem;
 At mihi major erit, qui lurida creditur arma,
 Et trifidum fulmen surripuisse Jovi.

Ad Leonoram Romæ canentem.

Angelus unicuique suus (sic credite gentes)
 Obrigit æthereis ales ab ordinibus.
 Quid mirum? Leonora tibi si gloria major,
 Nam tua præsentem vox sonat ipsa Deum.
 Aut Deus, aut vacui certè mens tertia cœli:
 Per tua secretò guttura serpit agens;
 Serpit agens, facilisque docet mortalia corda
 Sensim immortalis ~~assuescere posse~~ sono.
 Quòd si cuncta quidem Deus est, per cunctaque fusus,
 In te unâ loquitur, cætera mutus habet.

Ad eandem.

Altera Torquatum cepit Leonora Poëtam,
 Cujus ab infano cessit amore furens.
 Ah miser ille tuo quantò feliciùs ævo
 Perditus, & propter te Leonora foret!

Et te Pieriâ sensisset voce canentam
 Aurea maternæ filia movere lyra,
 Quamvis Dirceò torfisset lumina Pentheo
 Sævior, aut totus desipulisset incers,
 Tu tamen errantes ecce vestigine sensus
 Voce eadem poteras composuisse tuâ;
 Et poteras ægro spirans sub corde quietem
 Flexanimo cantu restituisse sibi.

Ad eandem.

C Redula quid liquidam Sirena Neapoli jactas,
 Claraque Parthenopes fana Achelœiados,
 Littoreamque tuâ defunctam Naiada ripâ
 Corpora Chalcidico sacra dedisse rogo?
 Illa quidem vivitque, & amœnâ Tibridis undâ
 Mutavit rauci murmura Pausilipi.
 Illic Romulidûm studiis ornata secundis,
 Atque homines cantu detinet atque Deos.

O

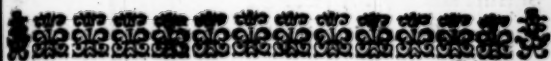
Apologus



Apologus de Rustico & Hero.

Rusticus ex Malo sapidissima poma quotannis
 Legit, & urbano lecta dedit Domino:
 Hic incredibili fructus dulcedine Captus
 Malum ipsam in proprias transiit arcolas.
 Hactenus illa ferax, sed longo debilis ævo,
 Mota solo assuero, protinus aret iners.
 Quod tandem ut patuit Domino, spe lusus inani,
 Damnavit celeres in sua damna manus.
 Atque ait, Heu quanto fatius fuit illa Coloni
 (Parva licet) grato dona tulisse animo!
 Possem Ego avaritiam frenare, gulamque voracem:
 Nunc periere mihi & fetus & ipsa parens.

Elegiarum Finis.



Sylvarum Liber.

Anno ætatis 16. In obitum
Procancellarii medici.

P Arere fati discite legibus,
Manusque Parcæ jam date supplices,
Qui pendulum telluris orbem
Iâpeti colitis nepotes.

Vos si relicto mors vaga Tænaro
Semel vocârit flebilis, heu moræ
Tentantur incassum dolique;
Per tenebras Stygis ire certum est.

Si destinatam pellere dextera
Mortem valeret, non ferus Hercules
Nessi venenatus cruore
Æmathiâ jacuisset Oetâ.

Nec fraude turpi Palladis invidæ
Vidisset occisum Ilion Hectora, aut
Quem larva Pelidis peremit
Ense Locro, Jove lacrymante.

Si triste fatum verba Hecateia
Fugare possint, Telegoni parens

Vixisset infamis, potentique

Ægiali soror usa virgâ.

Numenque trinum fallere si queant

Artes medentûm, ignotaque gramina,

Non gnarus herbarum Machaon

Eurypysi cecidisset hastâ.

Læsisset & nec te Philyreie

Sagitta echidnæ perlita sanguine,

Nec tela te fulmenque avitum

Cæse puer genitricis alvo.

Tuque O alumno major Apolline,

Gentis togatæ cui regimen datum,

Fron dosa quem nunc Cirrha luget,

Et mediis Helicon in undis,

Jam præfuisse Palladio gregi

Lætus, superstes, nec sine gloria,

Nec puppe lustrasses Charontis

Horribiles barathri recessus.

At filia rupit Persephone tua

Irata, cum te viderit artibus

Succoque pollenti tot atris

Fausibus eripuisse mortis.

Colende præses, membra precor tua

Molli quiescant cespitem, & ex tuo

Crescant rosæ, calthæque busto,

Purpureoque hyacinthus ore.

Sit mite de te iudicium Æaci,

Subrideatque Ætnæa Proserpina,

Interque felices perennis

Elysio spatium campo.

In quintum Novembris, Anno ætatis 17.

Am pius extremâ veniens Iacobus ab arcto

Teucrigenas populos, latèque potentia regna

Albionum tenuit, jamque inviolabile foedus

Sceptra Caledoniis conjunxerat Anglica Scotis:

Pacificusque novo felix divesque sedebat

In solio, occultique doli securus & hostis:

Cum ferus ignifluo regnans Acheronte tyrannus,

Eumenidum pater, æthereo vagus exul Olympo,

Fortè per immensum terrarum erraverat orbem,

Dimunerans sceleris socios, vernasque fideles,

Participes regni post funera mœsta futuros;

Hic tempestates medio ciet aëre diras,

Illic unanimes odium struit inter amicos,
 Armata & invictas in mutua viscera gentes;
 Regnaque olivifera vertit florentia pace,
 Et quoscunque videt puræ virtutis amantes,
 Hos cupit adjicere imperio, fraudumque magister
 Tentat inaccessum sceleri corrumpere pectus,
 Infidiasque locat tacitas, cassesque latentes
 Tendit, ut incautos rapiat, seu Caspia Tigris
 Insequitur trepidam deserta per avia prædam
 Nocte sub illuni, & somno nictantibus astris.
 Talibus infestat populos Summanus & urbes
 Cinctus cæruleæ fumantî turbine flammæ.
 Jamque fluentisonis albentia rupibus ærva
 Apparent, & terra Deo dilecta marino,
 Cui nomen dederat quondam Neptunia proles
 Amphitryoniaden qui non dubitavit atrocem
 Æquore tranato furiali poscere bello,
 Ante expugnataæ crudelia sæcula Troiæ.

At simul hanc opibusque & festâ pace beatam
 Aspicit, & pingues donis Cerealibus agros,
 Quodque magis doluit, venerantem numina veri
 Sancta Dei populum, tandem suspiria rupit
 Tartareos ignes & luridum olentia sulphur.
 Qualia Trinacriâ trux ab Jove clausus in Ætna

Efflat tabifico monstrosus ab ore Tiphæus;
 Ignescunt oculi, stridetque adamantius ordo
 Dentis, ut armorum fragor, iſtaque cuspide cuspis.
 Atque pererrato solum hoc lacrymabile mundo
 Inveni, dixit, gens hæc mihi sola rebellis,
 Contemtrixque jugi, nostræque potentior arte.
 Illa tamen, mea si quicquam tantamina possunt;
 Non feret hoc impune diu, non ibit inulta,
 Hæcenus; & piceis liquido notat aëre pennis;
 Quæ volat, adversi præcursant agmine venti,
 Densantur nubes, & crebra tonitrua fulgent.

Jamque pruinosa velox superaverat alpes,
 Et tenet Ausoniæ fines, à parte sinistra
 Nimbifer Appenninus erat, priscique Sabini,
 Dextra beneficiis infamis Hetruria, nec non
 Te furtiva Tiberis Thetidi videt oscula dantem;
 Hinc Mavortigenæ consistit in arce Quirini.
 Reddiderant dubiam jam sera crepuscula lucem,
 Cum circumgreditur totam Tricoronifer urbem;
 Panificosque Deos portat, scapulisque virorum
 Evehitur, præeunt submisso poplite reges,
 Et mendicantium series longissima fratrum;
 Cereæque in manibus gestant funalia cæci,
 Cimmeriis nati in tenebris, vitamque trahentes.

Templa dein multis subeunt lucentia tædis
 (Vesper erat sacer iste Petro) fremitusque canentum
 Sæpe tholos implet vacuos, & inane locorum.

Qualiter exululat Bromius, Bromiique caterva,
 Orgia cantantes in Echionio Aracyntho,
 Dum tremit attonitus vitreis Asopus in undis,
 Et procul ipse cavâ responfat rupe Cithæron.

His igitur tandem solenni more peractis,
 Nox senis amplexus Erebi taciturna reliquit,
 Præcipitesque impellit equos stimulante flagello,
 Captum oculis Typhlonta, Melanchætēque ferocem,
 Atque Acherontæo progeneratam patre Siopen
 Torpidam, & hirsutis horrentem Phrica capillis.

Interea regum domitor, Phlegetontius hæres
 Ingreditur thalamos (neque enim secretus adulter
 Producit steriles molli sine pellice noctes)
 At vix compositos somnus claudebat ocellos,
 Cum niger umbrarum dominus, rectorque silentum,
 Prædatorque hominum falsâ sub imagine tectus
 Afflitit, assumptis micuerunt tempora canis,
 Barba sinus promissa tegit, cineracea longo
 Syrmate verrit humum vestis, pendetque cucullus
 Vertice de raso, & ne quicquam desit ad artes,
 Cannabeo lumbos constrinxit fune salaces.

Tarda fenestratīs figens vestigia calceis.
 Talis utī fama est, vastā Franciscus eremo
 Tetra vagabatur solus per lustra ferarum,
 Sylvestrique tulit genti pia verba salutis
 Impius, atque lupos domuit, Lybicosque leones.

Subdolus at tali Serpens velatus amictu
 Solvit in has fallax ora execrantia voces;
 Dormis, nate? Etiamne tuos sopor opprimit artus?
 Immemor O fidei, pecorumque oblite tuorum!
 Dum cathedram venerande tuam, diademaque triplex
 Ridet Hyperboreo gens barbara nata sub axe,
 Dumque pharetrati spernunt tua jura Britanni:
 Surge, age, surge piger, Latius quem Cæsar adorat,
 Cui reserata patet convexi janua cæli,
 Turgentes animos, & fastus frange procaces,
 Sacrilegique sciant, tua quid maledictio possit,
 Et quid Apostolicæ possit custodia clavis;
 Et memor Hesperix disjectam ulciscere classē,
 Mersaque Iberorum lato vexilla profundo,
 Sanctorumque cruci tot corpora fixa probrosæ,
 Thermodoontæa nuper regnante puella.
 At tu si tenero mavis torpescere lecto
 Crescentesque negas hosti contundere vires,
 Tyrrhenum implebit numerofo milite pontum,
 Signaque

Signaque Aventino ponet fulgentia colle ;
 Reliquas veterum franget, flammisque cremabit,
 Sacraque calcabit pedibus tua colla profanis,
 Cujus gaudebant soleis dare basia reges.
 Nec tamen hunc bellis & aperto Marte jacesces,
 Irritus ille labor, tu callidus utere fraude,
 Quolibet hæreticis disponere retia fas est ;
 Jamque ad consilium extremis rex magnus ab oris
 Patricios vocat, & procerum de stirpe creatos,
 Grandævotque patres trabeâ, canisque venerandos,
 Hos tu membratim poteris conspergere in auras,
 Atque dare in cineres, nitrati pulveris igne
 Edibus injecto, quâ convenere, sub imis.
 Protinus ipse igitur quoscunque habet Anglia fidos
 Propositi, factique mone, quisquâ mne tuorum
 Audebit summi non jussa faceßere Papæ.
 Perculsoßque metu subito, casumque stupentes
 Invadat vel Gallus atrox, vel sævus Iberus.
 Sæcula sic illic tandem Mariana redibunt,
 Tuque in bellicosos iterum dominaberis Anglos.
 Et nequid timeas, divos divasque secundas
 Accipe, quotque tuis celebrantur numina fastis.
 Dixit & adscitos ponens malefidus amictus
 Fugit ad infandam, regnum illætabile, Lethen;

Jam rosea Eoas pandens Tithonia portas
 Vestit inauratas redeunti lumine terras;
 Mæstaque adhuc nigri deplorans funera nati
 Irrigat ambrosiis montana cacumina guttis;
 Cum somnos pepulit stellatæ janitor aulæ
 Nocturnos visus, & somnia grata revolvens.

Est locus æternâ septus caligine noctis
 Vasta ruinosi quondam fundamenta tecti,
 Nunc torvi spelunca Phoni, Prodotesque bilinguis
 Effera quos uno peperit Discordia partu.
 Hic inter cæmenta jacent præruptaque saxa,
 Ossa inhumata virûm, & trajecta cadavera ferro;
 Hic Dolus intortis semper sedet ater ocellis,
 Jurgiaque, & stimulis armata Calumnia fauces.
 Et Furor, atque viæ moriendi mille videntur
 Et timor, exanguisque locum circumvolat Horror,
 Perpetuoque leves per muta silentia Manes
 Exululat, tellus & sanguine conscia stagnat.
 Ipsi etiam pavidi latitant penetralibus antri
 Et Phonos, & Prodotes, nulloque sequente per antrum
 Antrum horrens, scopulosum, atrum feralibus umbris
 Diffugiunt fontes, & retrò lumina vortunt,
 Hos pugiles Romæ per sæcula longæ fideles
 Evocat antistes Babylonius, atque ita fatur.

Finibus

Finibus occiduis circumfufum incolit æquos
 Gens exota mihi, prudens natura negavit
 Indignam penitus noſtro conjungere mundo :
 Illuc, ſic jubeo, celeri contendite grefſu,
 Tartareoque leves diſſentur pulvere in auras
 Et rex & patiter ſatrapæ, ſcelerata propago
 Et quotquot fidei caluere cupidine veræ
 Conſilii ſocios adhibete, operiſque miniſtros.
 Finierat, rigidi cupidè paruere gemelli.

Interea longo ſectens curvamine cœlos
 Deſpicit æthereâ dominus qui fulgurat arce,
 Vanaque perverſæ ridet cōamina turbæ,
 Atque ſui cauſam populi volet ipſe tueri.

Eſſe ferunt ſpatium, quâ diſtat ab Afide terra
 Fertilis Europe, & ſpectat Marcotidas undas ;
 Hic turris poſita eſt Titanidos ardua Famæ
 Ærea, lata, ſonans, rutilis vicinior aſtris
 Quàm ſuperimpoſitum vel Athos vel Pelion Offæ
 Mille fores adituſque patent, totidemque ſeneſtræ,
 Amplaque per tenues tranſlucent atria muros ;
 Excitat hic varios plebs agglomerata ſuſurros ;
 Qualiter inſtrepitant circum mulctralia bombis
 Agmina muſcarum, aut texto per ovilia junco,
 Dum Canis æſſivum cœli petit ardua culmen

Ipsa quidem summa sedet ultrix matris in arce,
 Auribus innumeris cinctum caput eminet olli,
 Quis sonitum exiguum trahit, atque levissima captat
 Murmura, ab extremis patuli confinibus orbis.
 Nec tot Aristoridē servator inique juvenca
 Isidos, immiti volvebas lumina vuku,
 Lumina non unquam tacito autantia somno,
 Lumina subjectis late spectantia terras.
 Istis illa solet loca luce carentia sæpe
 Perlustrare, etiam radianti impervia soli.
 Millenisque loquax auditaque visaque linguis
 Cuilibet effundit temeraria, veraque mendax
 Nunc minuit, modò confictis sermonibus auget.
 Sed tamen a nostro meruisti carmine laudes
 Fama, bonum quo non aliud veracius ullum,
 Nobis digna cani, nec te memorasse pigebit
 Carmine tam longo, servati scilicet Angli
 Officiis vaga diva tuis, tibi reddimus æqua.
 Te Deus æternos motu qui temperat ignes,
 Fulmine præmissso alloquitur, terræque tremante :
 Fama files? an te latet impia Papistarum
 Conjurata cohors in meque meosque Britannos,
 Et nova sceptrigero cædes meditata Iacobo :
 Nec plura, illa statim sensit mandata Tonantis,

Et satis antè fugax stridentes induit alas,
 Induit & variis exilia corpora plumis ;
 Dextra tubam gestat Temeseo ex arc sonoram,
 Nec mora jam pennis cedentes remigat auras,
 Atque parum est cursu celeres prævertère nubes,
 Jam ventos, jam solis equos post terga reliquit
 Et primò Angliacas solito de more per urbes
 Ambiguas voces, incertaque murmura spargit,
 Mox arguta dolos, & detestabile vulgat
 Proditionis opus, nec non facta horrida dictu,
 Authoresque addit sceleris, nec garrula cæcis
 Infidiis loca structa filet ; stupere relatis,
 Et pariter juvenes, pariter tremere puellæ,
 Effærique senes pariter, tantæque ruinæ
 Sensus ad ætatem subitò penetraverat omnem
 Attamen interea populi miserescit ab alto
 Æthereus pater, & crudelibus obstitit ausis
 Papicolûm ; capti pœnas raptantur ad acres ;
 At pia thura Deo, & grati solvantur honores ;
 Compita læta focis genialibus omnia fumant ;
 Turba choros juvenilis agit : Quintoque Novembris
 Nulla Dies toto occurrit celebratior anno.

Anno ætatis 17. In obitum.
Præfulis Eliensis.

A Dhuc madentes rore squalabant genæ,
Et sicca nondum lumina ;
Dhuc liquentis imbre turgebant salis,
Quem nuper effudi pius,
Dum mæsta charo, iusta persolvi rogo
Wintoniensis præfulis.
Cum centilinguis Fama (proh semper mali
Cladisque vera nuntia)
Pargit per urbes divitis Britannię,
Populosque Neptuno fatos,
Effuisse morti, & ferreis sororibus
Te generis humani decus,
Qui rex sacrorum illâ fuisti in insulâ
Quæ nomen Angullæ tenet.
Tunc inquietum pectus irâ protinus
Ebullicbat fervidâ,
Amulis potentem sæpe devovens deam
Nec vota Naso in Ibida
Concepit alto diriora pectore,
Graiusque vates parcius

Turpem

Turpem Lycambis execratus est dolum,
Sponsamque Neobolē suam.

At ecce diras ipse dum fundo graves,

Et imprecor neci necem,

Audisse tales videor attonitus sonos

Leni, sub aurâ, flamine :

Cæcos furores pone, pone vitream

Bilemque & irritas minas,

Quid temerè violas non nocenda numina,

Subitoque ad iras percita.

Non est, ut arbitraris elusus miser,

Mors atra Noctis filia,

Erebóve patre creta, sive Erinnye,

Vastóve nata sub Chao :

Ast illa cælo missa stellato, Deï

Messes ubique colligit ;

Animasque mole carneâ reconditas

In lucem & auras evocat :

Ut cum fugaces excitant Horæ diem

Themidos Jovisque filia ;

Et sempiterni deit ad vultus patris ;

At justa raptat impios

Sub regna furvi luctuosa Tartari,

Sedesque subterraneas

Hanc ut vocantem lætus audiui, ekò

Fœdum reliqui carcerem,

Volatilesque faustus inter milites

Ad astra sublimis feror :

Vates ut olim raptus ad cœlum senex

Auriga currus ignei,

Non me Boötis terruere lucidi

Sarraca tarda frigore, aut

Formidolosi Scorpionis brachia,

Non ensis Orion tñus,

Prætervolavi fulgidi solis globum,

Longèque sub pedibus deam

Vidi triformem, dum coercebat suos

Frænis dracones aureis.

Erraticorum syderum per ordines,

Per lacteas vehor plagas,

Velocitatem sæpe miratus novam,

Donec nitentes ad fores

Ventum est Olympi, & regiam ChrySTALLINAM, &

Stratum smaragdīs Atrium.

Sed hic tacebo, nam quis effari queat

Oriundus humano patre

Amœnitates illius loci, mihi

Sit est in æternum frui,

Naturam non pati senium.

Heu quàm perpetuis erroribus acta fatiscit
 Avia mens hominum, tenebrisq; immersa profun-
 Oedipodioniam volvit sub pectore noctem! (dis

Quæ vesana suis metiri facta deorum
 Audet, & incisas leges adamante perenni
 Assimilare suis, nulloque solubile sæclo
 Consilium fati perituris alligat horis.

Ergone marcescet sulcantibus oblita rugis
 Naturæ facies, & rerum publica mater
 Omniparum contracta uterum sterilescet ab ævo?
 Et se fassa senem malè certis passibus ibit
 Sidereum tremebunda caput? num tetra vetustas
 Annorumque æterna fames, squalorque frigusque
 Sidera vexabunt? an & infaciabile Tempus
 Esuriet Cælum, rapietque in viscera patrem?
 Heu, potuitne suas imprudens Jupiter arces
 Hoc contra munisse nefas, & temporis isto
 Exemisse malo, gyrosque dedisse perennes?
 Ergo erit ut quandoque sono dilapsa tremendo
 Convexi tabulata ruant, atque obuius ictu
 Stridat uterque polus, superâque ut Olympius aula
 Decidat, horribilisque reiectâ Gorgone Pallas.

Qualis in *Ægeam* proles *Junonia* *Lemnon*

Deturbata sacro cecidit de limine cæli.

Tu quoque *Phœbe* tui casus imitabere nati

Præcipiti curru, subitâque festere ruinâ

Pronus, & exinctâ fumabit lampade *Nereus*,

Et dabit attonito feralia sibila ponto.

Tunc etiam aërei divulsis sedibus *Hæmi*

Diffultabit apex, imoque allisa barathro

Terrebunt *Stygium* dejecta *Ceraunia* *Ditem*

In superos quibus usus erat, fraternaue bella,

At pater omnipotens fundatis fortius astris

Consuluit rerum summæ, certoque peregit

Pondere fatorum lances, atque ordine summo

Singula perpetuum jussit servare tenorem.

Volvitur hinc lapsu mundi rota prima diurno;

Raptat & ambit os sociâ vertigine cælos.

Tardior haud solito *Saturnus*, & acer ut olim

Fulmineum rutilat cristatâ casside *Mavors*.

Floridus æternùm *Phœbus* juvenile coruscat,

Nec fovet effœtas loca per declivia terras

Devexo temone *Deus*; sed semper amicâ

Luce potens eadem currit per signa rotarum,

Surgit odoratis pariter formosus ab *Indis*

Æthereum pecus albenti qui cogit *Olympo*

Mane vocans, & serus agens in pascua coeli,
 Temporis & gemino disperdit regna colore.
 Fulget, obitque vices alterno Delia cornu,
 Cæruleumque ignem paribus complectitur ulnis.
 Nec variant elementa fidem, solitòque fragore
 Lurida perculsas jaculantur fulmina rupes.
 Nec per inane furit leviori murmure Corus,
 Stringit & armiferos æquali horrore Gelonos
 Trux Aquilo, spiratque hyemem, nimbosque volutat,
 Utque solet, Siculi diverberat ima Pelori
 Rex maris, & raucâ circumstrepit æquora conchâ
 Oceani Tubicen, nec vastâ mole minorem
 Egæona ferunt dorso Balearica cete.
 Sed neque Terra tibi sæcli vigor ille vetusti
 Priscus abest, servatque suum Narcissus odorem,
 Et puer ille suum tenet & puer ille decorem
 Phœbe tuusque & Cypri tuus, nec ditior olim
 Terra datum sceleri celavit montibus aurum
 Conscia, vel sub aquis gemmas. Sic denique in ævum
 Ibit cunctarum series justissima rerum,
 Donec flamma orbem populabitur ultima, latè
 Circumplexa polos, & vasti culmina cæli:
 Ingentique rogo flagrabit machina mundi.

*De Idea Platonica quemadmodum
Aristoteles intellexit.*

Dicite sacrorum præfides nemorum deæ,
Tuque O noveni perbeata numinis
Memoria mater, quæque in immenso procul
Antro recumbis otiosa Æternitas,
Monumenta servans, & ratas leges Jovis,
Cælique fastos atque ephemeridas Deum,
Quis ille primus cujus ex imagine
Natura solers finxit humanum genus,
Æternus, incorruptus, æquævus polo,
Unusque & universus, exemplar Dei?
Haud ille Palladis gemellus innubæ
Interna proles infidet menti Jovis;
Sed quamlibet natura sit communior,
Tamen seorsus extat ad morem unius,
Et, mira, certo stringitur spatio loci;
Seu sempiternus ille syderum comes
Cæli pererrat ordines decemplexis,
Citimùmve terris incolit Lunæ globum:
Sive inter animas corpus adituras sedens
Obliviosas torpet ad Lethes aquas:

Sive in remotâ forte terrarum plagâ
 Incedit ingens hominis archetypus gigas,
 Et iis tremendus erigit æsum caput
 Atlante major portitore syderum.
 Non cui profundum cæcitas lumen dedit
 Diræus augur vidit hunc alto sinu ;
 Non hunc silenti nocte Pléiones nepos
 Vatum sagaci præpes ostendit choro ;
 Non hunc sacerdos novit Assyrius, licet
 Longos vetusti commemoret atavos Nini,
 Priscumque Belon, inclytumque Osiridem.
 Non ille trino gloriosus nomine
 Ter magnus Hermes (ut sit arcani sciens)
 Talem reliquit Isidis cultoribus,
 At tu perenne ruris Academi decus
 (Hæc monstra si tu primus induxit scholis)
 Jam jam pœtas urbis exules tuæ
 Revocabis, ipse fabulator maximus,
 Aut institutor ipse migrabis foras.

Ad Patrem.

Nunc mea Pierios cupiam per pectora fontes
 Irriguas torquere vias, totumque per ora

Volvere

Volvere laxatum gemino de vertice rictum ;
 Ut tenues oblita sonos audacibus alis
 Surgat in officium venerandi Musa parentis.
 Hoc utcumque tibi gratum pater optime carmen
 Exiguum meditatur opus, nec novimus ipsi
 Aptius à nobis quæ possunt munera donis
 Respondere tuis, quamvis nec maxima possint
 Respondere tuis, nedum ut par gratia donis
 Esse queat, vacuis quæ redditur arida verbis.
 Sed tamen hæc nostros ostendit pagina census,
 Et quod habemus opum chartâ numeravimus istâ,
 Quæ mihi sunt nullæ, nisi quas dedit aurea Clio
 Quas mihi semoto somni peperere sub antro,
 Et nemoris laureta sacri Parnassides umbræ.

Nec tu vatis opus divinum despice carmen,
 Quo nihil æthereos ortus, & semina cæli,
 Nil magis humanam commendat origine mentem,
 Sancta Promethææ retinens vestigia flammæ.
 Carmen amant superi, tremebundaque Tartara carmen
 Ima ciere valet, divosque ligare profundos,
 Et triplici duos Manes adamante coercet,
 Carmine sepositi retegunt arcana futuri
 Phœbades, & tremulæ pallantes ora Sibyllæ ;
 Carmina sacrificus sollemnes pangit ad aras

Aurea seu sternit motantem cornua taurum;
 Seu cùm fata sagax fumantibus abdita fibris
 Consulit, & tepidis Parcam scrutatur in extis.
 Nos etiam patrium tunc cum repetemus Olympum,
 Æternæque moræ stabunt immobilis ævi,
 Ibimus auratis per cæli templa coronis,
 Dulcia suaviloquo sociantes carmina plectro,
 Astra quibus, geminique poli convexa sonabunt.
 Spiritus & rapidos qui circinat igneus orbes,
 Nunc quoque sydereis intercinat ipse choreis
 Immortale melos, & inenarrabile carmen;
 Torrida dum rutilus compescit sibila serpens,
 Demissoque feræx gladio mansuecit Orion;
 Stellarum nec sentit onus Maurusius Atlas.
 Carmina regales epulas ornare solebant,
 Cum nondum luxus, vastæque immensa vorago
 Nota gulæ, & modico spumabat cœna Lyæo.
 Tum de more sedens festa ad convivia vates
 Æsculeâ intonso redimitus ab arbore crines,
 Heroumque actus, imitandaque gesta canebat,
 Et chaos, & positi latè fundamina mundi,
 Reptantesque Deos, & alentes numina glandes,
 Et nondum Ætneo quæsitum fulmen ab antro.
 Denique quid vocis modulamen inane juvabit,

Verborum

Verborum sensusque vacans, numerique loquacis?
 Silvestres decet iste choros, non Orphea cantus,
 Qui tenuit fluvios & quercubus addidit aures
 Carmine, non citharâ, simulachraque sancta canendo
 Compulit in lacrymas; habet has à carmine laudes.

Nec tu perge precor sacras contemnere Musas,
 Nec vanas inopesque puta, quarum ipse peritus
 Munere, mille sonos numeris componis ad aptos,
 Millibus & vocem modulis variare canoram
 Doctus, Arionii meritò sis nominis hæres.
 Nunc tibi quid mirum, si me genuisse poetam
 Contigerit, charo si tam propè sanguine juncti
 Cognatas artes, studiumque affine sequamur:
 Ipse volens Phœbus se dispertire duobus,
 Altera dona mihi, dedit altera dona parenti,
 Dividuumque Deum genitorque puerque tenemus.

Tu tamen ut similes teneras odisse carmenas,
 Non odisse reor, neque enim, pater, ire jubebas
 Quà via lata patet, quà pronior area lucri,
 Certa que condendi fulget spes aurea nummi:
 Nec rapis ad leges, malè custoditaque gentis
 Jura, nec insulsis damnas clamoribus aures.
 Sed magis excultam cupiens ditescere mentem,
 Me procul urbano strepitu, secessibus altis

Abduſtum Aoniæ jucunda per otia ripæ
 Phœbeo lateri comitem finis ire beatum.
 Officium chari taceo commune parentis,
 Me poſcunt majora, tuo pater optime ſumptu
 Cùm mihi Romulæ patuit ſacundia linguæ,
 Et Latii veneres, & quæ Jovis ora decebant
 Grandia magniloquis elata vocabula Graiis,
 Addere ſuaſiſti quos jaſtat Gallia flores,
 Et quam degeneri novus Italus ore loquelam
 Fundit, Barbaricos teſtatus voce tumultus,
 Quæque Palæſtinus loquitur myſteria vates.
 Denique quicquid habet cœlum, ſubjectaque cœlo
 Terra parens, terræque & cœlo interfluus aer,
 Quicquid & unda tegit, pontique agitable marmor,
 Per te noſſe licet, per te, ſi noſſe libebit.
 Dimotâque venit ſpectanda ſcientia nube,
 Nudaque conſpicuos inclinât ad oſcula vultus,
 Ni fugiſſe velim, ni ſit libâſſe moleſtum.

I nunc, confer opes quiſquis maleſanus avitas
 Auſtriaci gazas, Perûanaque regna præoptas.
 Quæ potuit majora pater tribuiſſe, vel ipſe
 Jupiter, excepto, donâſſet ut omnia, cœlo?
 Non potiora dedit, quamvis & tuta fuiſſent,
 Publica qui juveni commiſit lumina nato

Atque

Atque Hyperionios currus, & fræna dici,
 Et circum undantem radiatâ lucē tiam.
 Ergo ego jam doctæ pars quamlibet ima cæteræ
 Victrices hederas inter, laurosque sedebo,
 Jamque nec obscurus populo miscebor inertī,
 Vitabuntque oculos vestigia nostra profanos.
 Este procul vigiles curæ, procul este querelæ,
 Invidiæque acies transverso tortilis hircuo,
 Sæva nec anguiferos extende Calumniæ ictus;
 In me triste nihil sædissima turba potestis,
 Nec vestri sum juris ego; securaque tutus
 Pectora, vipereo gradiar sublimis ab ictu.

At tibi, chare pater, postquam non æqua merenti
 Posse referre datur, nec dona rependere factis,
 Sit memorâsse satis, repetitaque munera grato
 Percensere animo, fidæque reponere menti.

Et vos, O nostri, juvenilia carmina, lusus,
 Si modo perpetuos sperare audebitis annos,
 Et domini superesse rogo, lucemque tueri,
 Nec spisso rapient oblivia nigra sub Orco,
 Forsitan has laudes, decantatumque parentis
 Nomen, ad exemplum, sero servabitis ævo.

PSALM CXIV

Ισραὴλ ὅτι πᾶσι, ἔτ' ἀγλαὰ ὄν· Ἰακώβ
 Ἰσραὴλ ὅτι πᾶσι, ἔτ' ἀγλαὰ ὄν· Ἰακώβ
 Ἀνθρώπων λίπε δῶμον, ἀπὸ χθονός, βαρβαρόφωνον·
 Δὲ τότε μὲν ἰν ἵστον γίνετο ὕψι Ἰσραὴλ.
 Ἐν δὲ θεὸς λαοῖσι μέγα κρείσσον βασιλεύον·
 Εἶδεν ἡ ὑπερτάτη φύσις ἡμῶν· θάλασσα
 Κύματι εἰλυμένη ῥοδίζῃ, ὅτ' ἀρ' Ἰσραὴλ ἔχῃ
 Ἰερὺ Ἰερδάνη ποτὶ ἀργυροειδέα πηγήν·
 Ἐκ δ' ὅρα σκαρμῶσισι ἀπειρία κλονέοντο,
 Ως κρείσσοντες ὑπερταροῦν ἐν αἰσῶν·
 Βασιτεύει δ' ἄμει πᾶσι ἀναστρέφεται ἰσότης,
 Οἷα παρὰ σύλῃ φύλῃ ὑπὸ μητέρῃ ἄρῃ·
 Τίπτε σὺν' αἰνὰ θάλασσα πύλας φύσας ἡμῶν;
 Κύματι εἰλυμένη ῥοδίζῃ; τί δ' ἀρ' Ἰσραὴλ ἔχῃ
 Ἰερὺ Ἰερδάνη ποτὶ ἀργυροειδέα πηγήν;
 Τίπτε ὅρα σκαρμῶσισι ἀπειρία κλονέοντο
 Ως κρείσσοντες ὑπερταροῦν ἐν αἰσῶν;
 Βασιτεύει τί δ' ἀρ' ὑμῖν ἀναστρέφεται ἰσότης,
 Οἷα παρὰ σύλῃ φύλῃ ὑπὸ μητέρῃ ἄρῃ·
 Σέο γὰρ τρέφεται θεὸν μεγάλ' ἐκτυπύοντα
 Ἰσραὴλ θεὸν τρέφει ὑπ' αὐτὸν σίβας Ἰσρακίδας
 Ὅς τε ἡ ἐν σπλάχνῳ ποταμῶν χεῖς μορμύροντας,
 Κρίνοντ' αἶανον πέτρῃ δότ' ἀκαρυοειδούς·

*Philosophus ad regem quendam qui cum ignotum & in-
tem inter reos forte captum, inscius damnaverat;*
τὴν δὲ θανάτῳ παραύμω· ἡ δὲ subito misit.

Ὡς αἶψα εἰ ἐλάσας με τῷ ἴνομον, εἰς τὴν ἀνδρῶν
δασὺν ὅλως δ' ἐξέσπασα, σφραγίσαντος ἰδὲ χαλκῶν
Ραδιδῆς ἀφίλοις, τὸ δ' ὕστερον αὖθις νύκτας
Μακρίδης δ' ἀφίλοις τὴν σφραγίδα θυμῷ ἰδὲ
Τοῖς δ' ἐν πόλει ἀειδόμενοι ἄλλοις ἐλάσας.

In Effgei Ejus Sculptorem

Ἀμφὶ γυμνάσιον χερσὶ τέλει μὲν οὐκ
φαίς τὰς αἰ, σφραγίς αὖθις αὖθις
τὸ δ' ἐκλυπνύειν ἐν ὅσῳ τῆς φιλίας
Γιλατὶ φαύλῃ συσμίμῳ· ζῶντι.

Ad Salsillum poetam Romanum egrotantem.

SCAZONTES.

O Musa gressum quæ volens trahis claudum,
Vulcanioque tarda gaudes incesu,
Nec sentis illud in loco minus gratum,
Quàm cùm decentes flava Dæiope suras
Alternat aureum ante Junonis lectum,
Adesdum & hæc s'is verba pauca Salsillo.

Refer,

Refer, camœna nostra cui tantum est cordi,
 Quamque ille magnis prætulit immerito divitiis.
 Hæc ergo alumnus ille Londini Milto,
 Diebus hisce qui suum relinquens nidum
 Polique tractum, (pessimus ubi ventorum,
 Infanientis impotensque pulmonis
 Pernix anhela sub Jove exeret flabra)
 Venit feraces Itali soli ad glebas,
 Visum superbâ cognitas urbes famâ
 Virosque doctæque indolem juventutis,
 Tibi optat idem hic fausta multa Salsille,
 Habitumque fesso corpori penitus sanum;
 Cui nunc profunda bilis infestat renes,
 Præcordiisque fixa damnosum spirat.
 Nec id pepercit impia quod tu Romano
 Tam cultus ore Lesbium condis melos.
 O dulce divitum munus, O salus Hebes
 Germana! Tuque Phœbe morborum terror
 Pythone cæso, five tu magis Pæan
 Libenter audis, hic tunc sacerdos est
 Querceta Fauni, vosque rose vinoso
 Colles benigni, mitis Evandri sedes,
 Siquid salubre vallibus frondet vestris,
 Levamen ægro ferte certatim vari.

Sic ille charis redditus rursus Musis
 Vicina dulci prata mulcebit cantu.

Ipse inter atros emirabitur lucos

Numa, ubi beatum degit otium æternum,

Suam reclinis semper Egeriam spectans.

Tumidusque & ipse Tibris hinc delinitus

Spei favebit annuæ condonorum :

Nec in sepulchris ibit obsessum regas

Nimium sinistro latus irruens loro :

Sed fræna melius temperabit undarum,

Adusque curvi salsa regna Portumni.

Manfus.

Mansus.

Joannes Baptista Mansus Marebio Villensis vir ingenti laude, tum literarum studio, nec non & bellis virtute apud Italos clarus in primis est. Ad quem Torquati Tassi dialogus exstat de Amicitia scriptus, erat enim Tassi amicissimus, ab quo etiam inter Campanie principes celebratur, in illo poemate cui titulus Gerusalemme conquistata, lib. 20.

Fra cavalier magnanimi, è cortesi
Risplende il Manso——

Is authorem Neapoli commorantem summa benevolentiâ prosecutus est, multaque ei detulit humanitatis officia. Ad hunc itaque hospes ille antequam ab ea urbe discederet, ut ne ingratum se ostenderet, hoc carmen misit.

HÆc quoque Manse tuæ meditantur carmina laudi
Pierides, tibi Manse choro notissime Phœbi,
Quandoquidem ille alium haud æquo est dignatus ho-
Post galli cineres, & Mæcænatis Hetrusci. (note,
Tu quoque si nostræ tantum valet aura Camœnæ,
Victrices hederas inter, laurosque sedebis.
Te pridem magno felix concordia Tasso
Junxit, & æternis inscripsit nomina chartis.
Mox tibi dulcilequum non inscia Musa Marinum
Tradidit, i' le tuum dici se gaudet alumnum,

Dum

Dum canit Assyrios divum proluxus amores;
 Mollis & Ausonias stupefecit carmine nymphas.
 Ille itidem moriens tibi soli debita vates
 Ossa tibi soli, supremaque vota reliquit.
 Nec manes pietas tua chara sefellit amici,
 Vidimus arridentem operoso ex ære poetam.
 Nec satis hoc visum est in utrumque, & nec pia cessant
 Officia in tumulo, cupis integros rapere Orco,
 Quâ potes, atque avidas Parcarum eludere leges:
 Amborum genus, & variâ sub sorte peractam
 Describis vitam, morsque, & dona Minervæ;
 Æmulus illius Mycalen qui natus ad altam
 Rettulit Æolij vitam facundus Homeri.
 Ergo ego te Clius & magni nomine Phœbi
 Manse pater, jubeo longum salvere per ævum
 Missus Hyperboreo juvenis peregrinus ab axe.
 Nec tu longinguam bonus aspernabere musam,
 Quæ nuper gelidâ vix enutrita sub Arcto
 Imprudens Italas ausa est volitare per urbes.
 Nos etiam in nostro modulantes flumine cygnos
 Credimus obscuras noctis sensisse per umbras,
 Quâ Thamesis late puris argenteus urnis
 Oceani glaucos perfundit gurgite crines.
 Quin & in has quondam pervenit Tityrus oras,

Q

Sed

Sed neque nos genus incultum, nec inutile Phœbo,
 Quà plaga septeno mundi sulcata Trione
 Brumalem patitur longâ sub nocte Boöten.
 Nos etiam colimus Phœbum, nos munera Phœbo
 Flaventes spicas, & lutea mala canistris,
 Halantemque crocum (perhibet nisi vana vetustas)
 Misimus, & lectas Druidum de gente choreas.
 (Gens Druides antiqua sacris operata decorum
 Heroum laudes imitandaque gesta caneant)
 Hinc quoties festo cingunt altaria cantu
 Delo in herbosâ Graiæ de more puellæ
 Carminibus lætis memorant Corinœida Loxo,
 Fatidicamque Upin, cum flavicomâ Hecaërge
 Nuda Caledonio variatas pectora fuce.
 Fortunate senex, ergo quacunque per orbem
 Torquati decus, & nomen celebrabitur ingens,
 Claraque perpetui succrescet fama Marini,
 Tu quoque in ora frequens venies plausumque virorum,
 Et parili carpes iter immortale volatu.
 Dicetur tum sponte tuos habitasse penates
 Cynthius, & famulas venisse ad limina Musas :
 At non sponte domum tamen idem, & regis adivit
 Rura Pheretiadæ cœlo fugitivus Apollo ;
 Ille licet magnum Alciden susceperat hospes ;

Tantum

Tantùm ubi clamoros placuit vitare bubulcos,
 Nobile mansueti cessit Chironis in antrum,
 Irriguos inter saltus frondosæque tecta
 Penceium prope rivum: ibi sæpe sub ilice nigrâ
 Ad citharæ strepitum blandâ prece victus amici
 Exilii duros lenibat voce labores.
 Tum neque ripa suo, barathro nec fixa sub imo,
 Saxa stetero loco, nutat Trachinia rupes,
 Nec sentit solitas, immania pondera, silvas,
 Emotæque suis properant de collibus ornî;
 Mulcenturque novo maculosi carmine lynces.
 Diis dilecte senex, te Jupiter æquus oportet
 Nascentem, & miti lustrarit lumine Phœbus,
 Atlantisque nepos; neque enim nisi charus ab ortu
 Diis superis poterit magno favisse poetæ.
 Hinc longæva tibi lento sub flore senectus
 Vernat, & Æsonios lucratur vivida fusos,
 Nondum deciduos servans tibi frontis honores,
 Ingeniumque vigens, & adultum mentis acumen.
 O mihi si mea fors talem concedat amicum
 Phœbæos decorâsse viros quî tam bene nôrit,
 Si quando indigenas revocabo in carmina reges,
 Arturumque etiam sub terris bella moventem;
 Ant dicam invictæ sociali foedere mensæ,

Magnanimos Heroas, & (O modo spiritus ad sit)
 Frangam Saxonicas Britonum sub Marte phalanges.
 Tandem ubi non tacitæ permensus tempora vitæ,
 Annorumque satur cineri sua jura relinquam,
 Ille mihi lecto madidis astaret ocellis,
 Astanti sat erit si dicam sim tibi curæ;
 Ille meos artus liventi morte solutos
 Curaret parvâ componi molliter urnâ.
 Forsitan & nostros ducat de marmore vultus,
 Nectens aut Paphiâ myrti aut Parnasside lauri
 Fronde comas, at ego securâ pace quiescam.
 Tum quoque, si qua fides, si præmia certa bonorum,
 Ipse ego cælicolûm semotus in æthera divûm,
 Quò labor & mens pura vehunt, atque ignea virtus
 Secreti hæc aliquâ mundi de parte videbo
 (Quantum fata sinunt) & totâ mente serendûm
 Ridens purpureo suffundar lumine vultus
 Et simul æthereo plaudam mihi lætus Olympo.



EPITAPHIUM

DAMONIS.

ARGUMENTUM.

Thyrsis & Damon ejusdem viciniae Pastores, eadem studia sequuti a pueritia amici erant, ut qui plurimum. Thyrsis animi causa profectus peregrè de obitu Damonis nuncium accepit. Domum postea reversus, & rem ita esse comperto, se, suamque solitudinem hoc carmine deplorat. Damonis autem sub persona hîc intelligitur Carolus Deodatus ex urbe Hetruriæ Luca Paterno genere oriundus, cætera Anglus; ingenio, doctrina, clarissimisque cæteris virtutibus, dum viveret, juvenis egregius.



EPITAPHIUM DAMONIS.

Himerides nymphæ (nam vos & Daphnin & Hy-
Et plorata diu meministis fata Bionis) (lan

Dicite Sicelidum Thamefina per oppida carmen :

Quas miser effudit voces, quæ murmura Thyrsis,

Et quibus assiduis exercuit antra querelis,

Fluminaque, fontesque vagos, nemorumque recessus,

Dum sibi præreptum queritur Damona, neque altam

Luctibus exemit noctem loca sola perrerans.

Et jam bis viridi surgebat culmus arista,

Et totidem flavas numerabant horrea messes,

Ex quo summa dies tulerat Damona sub umbras,

Nec dum aderat Thyrsis; pastorem scilicet illum

Dulcis amor Musæ Thūsca retinebat in urbe.

Ast ubi mens expleta domum, pecorisque relictæ

Cura vocat, simul assuetâ sedîtque sub ulmo,

Tum verò amissum tum denique sentit amicum,

Cœpit

Cœpit & immensum sic exonerare dolorem.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.

Hei mihi! quæ terris, quæ dicam numina cœlo,

Postquam te immitti rapuerunt funere Damon;

Siccine nos linquis, tua sic sine nomine virtus

Ibit, & obscuris numero sociabitur umbris?

At non ille, animas virgâ qui dividit auræ,

Ista velit, dignumque tui te ducat in agmen,

Ignavumque procul pecus arceat omne silentum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.

Quicquid erit, certè nisi me lupo antè videbit,

Indeplorato non comminuere sepulchro,

Constabitque tuus tibi honos, longumque vigebit

Inter pastores: Illi tibi vota secundo

Solvere post Daphnin, post Daphnin dicere laudes

Gaudebunt, dum rura Pales, dum Faunus amabit:

Si quid id est, priscamque fidem coluisse, piùmque,

Palladiasque artes, sociùmque habuisse canorum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.

Hæc tibi certa manent, tibi erunt hæc præmia Damon,

At mihi quid tandem fiet modò? quis mihi fidus

Hærebit lateri comes, ut tu sæpe solebas

Frigoribus duris, & per loca foeta pruinis,

Aut rapido sub sole, siti morientibus herbis?

Sive opus in magnos fuit eminus ire leones
 Aut avidos terrere lapos præsepibus altis;
 Quis fando sopire diem, cantuque solebit?

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni,
 Pectora cui credam? quis me lenire docebit
 Mordaces curas, quis longam fallere noctem
 Dulcibus alloquiis, grato cum sibilat igni
 Molle pyrum, & nucibus strepitat focus, at malus auster
 Miscet cuncta foris, & desuper intonat ulmo.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Aut æstate, dies medio dum vertitur axe,
 Cum Pan æsculeâ somnum capit abditus umbrâ,
 Et repetunt sub aquis sibi nota sedilia nymphæ.
 Pastoresque latent, stertit sub sepe colonus,
 Quis mihi blanditiâsque tuas, quis tum mihi risus,
 Cecropiosque sales referet, cultosque lepores?

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 At jam solus agros, jam pascua solus oberro,
 Sicubi ramosæ densantur vallibus umbræ,
 Hic serum expecto, supra caput imber & Eurus
 Triste sonant, fractæque agitata crepuscula silvæ.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Heu quam culta mihi prius arva procacibus herbis
 Involvuntur, & ipsa sive seges alta fatiscit!

Innuba

Innuba neglecto marcescit & Æva racemo;
 Nec myrteta juvantis ovium quoque tædet, at illæ
 Moerent, inque suum convertunt ora magistrum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Tityrus ad corylos vocat, Alphesibceus ad ornos,
 Ad salices Aegon, ad flumina pulcher Amyntas,
 Hic gelidi fontes, hinc illita graminosa musco,
 Hic Zephiri, hinc placidas interstrepit arbutus undas;
 Illa canunt furdo, frutices ego nactus abibarna.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Mopsus ad hæc, nam me redeuntem forte notarat
 (Et callebat avium linguas, & sidera Mopsus)
 Thyrsi quid hoc? dixit, quæ te coquit improba bilis?
 Aut te perdit amor, aut te malè fascinat astrum,
 Saturni grave sæpe fuit pastoribus astrum,
 Intimaque obliquo figit præcordia plumbo.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Mirantur nymphæ, & quid te Thyrsi futurum est?
 Quid tibi vis? aiunt, non hæc solet esse juvenæ
 Nubila frons, oculique truces, vultusque severi,
 Illa choros, lususque leves, & semper amorem
 Jure petit, bis ille miser qui serus amavit.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Venit Hyas, Dryopéque, & filia Baucidis Aegle

Docta modos, citharæque sciens, sed perditâ fastu,
 Venit Idumanii Chloris vicina fluentis;
 Nil me blanditiæ, nil me solantia verba,
 Nil me, si quid adest, mover, aut spes ulla futuri.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Hei mihi quam similes ludunt per prata juvenci,
 Omnes unanimi secum sibi lege sodales,
 Nec magis hunc alio quisquam secernit amicum
 De grege, sic densi veniunt ad pabula thoes,
 Inque vicem hirsuti paribus junguntur onagri;
 Lex eadem pelagi, deserto in littore Proteus
 Agmina Phocarum numerat, vilisque volucrum
 Passer habet semper quicum sit, & omnia circum
 Farra libens volitet, serò sua tecta revisens,
 Quem si fors letho objecit, seu milvus adenco
 Fata tulit rostris, seu stravit arundine fossor,
 Protinus ille alium socio petit inde volatu.
 Nos durum genus, & diris exercita fatis
 Gens homines aliena animis, & pectore discors,
 Vix sibi quisque parem de millibus invenit unum,
 Aut si fors dederit tandem non aspera votis,
 Illum inopina dies quâ non speraveris horâ
 Surripit, æternum linquens in sæcula damnum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.

Heu quis me ignotas traxit vagus error in oras
 Ire per aëreas rupes, Alpemque nivofam !
 Ecquid erat tanti Romam vidisse sepultam ?
 Quamvis illa foret, qualem dum visceret olim,
 Tityrus ipse suas & oves & rura reliquit ;
 Ut te tam dulei possem caruisse sodale,
 Possem tot maria alta, tot interponere montes,
 Tot sylvas, tot saxa tibi, fluviosque sonantes.
 Ah certè extremùm licuisset tangere dextram,
 Et bene compositos placidè morientis ocellos,
 Et dixisse vale, nostri memor ibis ad astra.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Quamquam etiam vestri nunquam meminisse pigebit
 Pastores Thufci, Musis operata juvenus,
 Hic Charis, atque Lepos ; & Thuscus tu quoque Damon.
 Antiquâ genus unde petis Lucumonis ab urbe.
 O ego quantus eram, gelidi cum stratus ad Arni
 Murmura, populeumque nemus, quâ mollior herba,
 Carpere nunc violas, nunc summas carpere myrtos,
 Et potui Lycidæ certantem audire Menalcam.
 Ipse etiam tentare ausus sum, nec puto multùm
 Displicui, nam sunt & apud me munera vestra
 Fiscellæ ; calathique & cerea vincla cicutæ,
 Quin & nostra suas docuerunt nomina fagos

Et

Et Datis, & Francinus, erant & vocibus ambo

Et studiis noti, Lydorum sanguinis ambo;

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.

Hæc mihi tum læto dictabat roscida luna,

Dum solus teneros claudebam cratibus hædos.

Ah quoties dixi, cum te cinis ater habebat,

Nunc canit, aut lepori nunc tendit retia Dæmon,

Vimina nunc texit, varios sibi quod sit in usus;

Et quæ tum facili sperabam mente futura

Arripui voto levis, & præsentia finxi,

Heus bone numquid agis? nisi te quid forte retardat,

Imus? & argutâ paulum recubamus in umbra,

Aut ad aquas Colni, aut ubi jugera Cassibelauni?

Tu mihi percurres medicos, tua gramina, succos,

Helleborumque, humilesque crocos, foliumque hyacinthi

Quasque habet ista palus herbas, artesque medentum,

Ah pereant herbæ, pereant artesque medentum

Gramina, postquam ipsi nil proficere magistro.

Ipse etiam, nam nescio quid mihi grande sonabat

Fistula, ab undecimâ jam lux est altera nocte,

Et tum forte novis admoram labra cicuris,

Disillue e tamen rupta compage, nec ultra

Ferre graves potuere sonos, dubito quoque ne sim

Turgidulus, tamen & referam, vos cedite silvæ.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Ipse ego Dardaniæ Rutupina per æquora puppes
 Dicam, & Pandrasidos regnum vetus Inogeniæ,
 Brennùmque Arviragùmque duces, priscùmque Belinũ
 Et tandem Armoricos Britonum sub lege colonos;
 Tum gravidam Arturo fatali fraude Jögernen
 Mendacẽs vultus, assumptãque Gorlois arma,
 Merlini dolus. O mihi tum si vita supersit,
 Tu procul annosa pendebis fistula pinu
 Multũ oblita mihi, aut patriis mutata camœnis
 Brittonicum strides, quid enim? omnia non licet uni
 Non sperasse uni licet omnia, mi satis ampla
 Merces, & mihi grande decus (sim ignotus in ævum
 Tum licet, externo penitusque inglorius orbi)
 Si me flava comas legat Ursa, & potor Alauni,
 Vorticibũsque frequens Abra, & nemus omne Treantæ,
 Et Thamefis meus ante omnes, & fusca metallis
 Tamara, & extremis me discant Orcades undis.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Hæc tibi servabam lentã sub cortice lauri,
 Hæc, & plura simul, tum quæ mihi pocula Manusus,
 Manusus Chalcidicæ non ultima gloria ripæ
 Bina dedit, mirum artis opus, mirandus & ipse,
 Et circũ gemino cælaverat argumento;

In medio rubri maris unda, & odoriferum ver
 Littora longa Arabum, & sudantes balsama silvæ,
 Has inter Phoenix divina avis, unica terris
 Cæruleum fulgens diversicoloribus alis
 Auroram vitreis surgentem respicit undis.
 Parte alia polus omnipotens, & magnus Olympus,
 Quis putet? hic quoq; Amor, pictaq; in nube pharetræ,
 Arma corusca faces, & spicula tincta pyropo;
 Nec tenues animas, pectusque ignobile vulgi
 Hinc ferit, at circum flammantia lumina torquens
 Semper in erectum spargit sua tela per orbis
 Impiger, & pronos nunquam collimat ad ictus,
 Hinc mentes ardere sacræ, formæque deorum.

Tu quoque in his, nec me fallit spes lubrica Damon,
 Tu quoque in his certè es, nam quò tua dulcis abiret
 Sanctæque simplicitas, nam quò tua candida virtus?
 Nec te Lethæo fas quæsisisse sub orco,
 Nec tibi conveniunt lacrymæ, nec flebimus ultra,
 Ite procul lacrymæ, purum colit æthera Damon,
 Æthera purus habet, pluvium pede reppulit arcum;
 Heroùmque animas inter, divosque perennes,
 Æthereos haurit latices & gaudia potat
 Ore Sacro. Quin tu cœli post jura recepta
 Dexter ades, placidusque fave quicumque vocaris,

Seu tu noster eris Damon, sive æquior audis
 Diodotus, quo te divino nomine cuncti
 Coelicolæ nōrint, sylvisque vocabere Damon.
 Quod tibi purpureus pudor, & sine labe juvenus
 Grata fuit, quod nulla tibi nota voluptas,
 En etiam tibi virginei servantur honores;
 Ipse caput nitidum cinctus rutilante corona,
 Letaque frondentis gestans umbracula palmæ
 Eternum perages immortales hymenæos;
 Cantus ubi, choreisque furit lyra mista beatīs,
 Festa Sionæo bacchantur & Orgia Thyrsō.

Jan. 23.

Jan. 23. 1646.

Ad Joannem Roussium Oxoniensis Academiæ
Bibliothecarium.

*De libro Poematum amisso, quem ille sibi denno
mitti postulabat, ut cum aliis nostris in
Bibliotheca publica reponeret, Ode.*

Strophe I.

GEmelle cultu simplici gaudens liber,
Fronde licet geminâ,
Munditięque nitens non operosâ,
Quam manus attulit
Jüvenilis olim,
Sedula tamen haud nimii Poetę;
Dum vagus Ausonias nunc per umbras
Nunc Britannica per vireta lufit
Infons populi, barbitoque devius
Indulfit patrio, mox itidem pectine Daunio
Longinquum intonuit melos
Vicinis, & humum vix tetigit pede;

Antistrophe.

Antistrophe.

Quis te, parve liber, quis te fratribus
Subduxit feliquis dolo?

Cum tu missus ab urbe,
Docto jugiter obsecrante amico,
Illustre tendebas iter

Thamesis ad incunabula

Cærulei patris,

Fontes ubi limpidi

Aonidum, thyasusque sacer

Orbi notus per immensos

Temporum lapsus redeunte cælo,

Celeberque futurus in ævum;

Strophe 2.

Modò quis deus, aut editus deo
Pristinam gentis miseratus indolem

(Si satis noxas luimus priores

Mollique luxu degener otium)

Tollat nefandos civium tumultus,

Almaque revocet studia sanctus

Et relegatas sine sede Musas

Jam penè totis finibus Angligenum;

R

Imman-

Immundasque volucres
 Unguibus imminentes
 Figat Apollineâ pharetrâ,
 Phinéamque abigat pestem procul amne Pegaséo.

Antistrophe.

Quin tu, libelle, nuntii licet malâ
 Fide, vel oscitantîâ
 Semel erraveris agmine fratrum,
 Seu quis te teneat specus,
 Seu qua te latebra, forsan unde vili
 Callo tereris inſtitoris inſulſi,
 Lætare felix, en iterum tibi
 Spes nova fulget poſſe profundam
 Fugere Lethen, vehique Superam
 In Jovis aulam remige pennâ;

Strophe 3.

Nam te Rotius ſui
 Optat peculî, numeróque juſto
 Sibi pollicitum queritur abeſſe,
 Rogatque venias ille cujus inclyta
 Sunt data virûm monumenta curæ
 Téque adytis etiam ſacris.

Voluit

(93)

Voluit reponi quibus & ipse præsidet
Eternorum operum custos fidelis,
Quæstorque gazæ nobilioris,
Quàm cui præfuit Iôn
Clarus Erechtheides
Opulenta dei per templa parentis
Fulvosque tripodas, donaque Delphica
Iôn Actæa genitus Creusâ.

Antistrophe.

Ergo tu visere lucos
Musarum ibis amœnos,
Diamque Phœbi rursus ibis in domum
Oxonîâ quam valle colit
Delo posthabita,
Bifidóque Parnassi iugo:
Ibis honestus,
Postquam egregiam tu quoque sortem
Nactus abis, dextri prece sollicitatus amici.
Illic legéris inter alta nomina
Authorum; Græcæ simul & Latinæ
Antiqua gentis lumina, & verum decus.

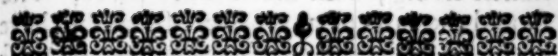
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Epodos.

Epodos.

Vos tandem haud vacui mei labores,
 Quicquid hoc sterile fudit ingenium,
 Jam serò placidam sperare jubeo
 Perfunctam invidiâ requiem, sedesque beatas
 Quas bonus Hermes
 Et tutela dabit solers Roûsi,
 Quò neque lingua procax vulgi penetrabit, atque longè
 Turba legentum prava facesset;
 At ultimi nepotes,
 Et cordatior ætas
 Judicia rebus æquiora forsitan
 Adhibebit integro sinu.
 Tum livore sepulto,
 Si quid meremur sana posteritas sciet
 Roûsio favente.

Ode tribus constat Strophis, totidémque Antistrophis
 unâ demum epodo clausis, quas, tametsi omnes nec versuum
 numero, nec certis ubique colis exactè respondeant, ita
 tamen secuimus, commodè legendi potius, quam ad an-
 tiquos concinendi modos rationem spectantes. Alioquin
 hoc genus rectiùs fortasse dici monostrophicum debue-
 rat. Metra partim sunt *χίον* partim *σπλινδερὰ*. Pha-
 leucia quæ sunt, spondæum tertio loco bis admittunt,
 quod idem in secundo loco Catullus ad libitum fecit.



OF

EDUCATION.

To Master *Samuel Hartlib*.

Written above twenty Years since.

Mr. Hartlib,

I Am long since perswaded, that to say, or do ought worth memory and imitation, no purpose or respect should sooner move us, then simply the love of God, and of mankind. Nevertheless to write now the reforming of Education, though it be one of the greatest and noblest designs that can be thought on, and for the want whereof this Nation perishes, I had not yet at this time been induc't, but by your earnest entreaties, and serious conjurements; as having my mind for the present half diverted in the pursuance of some other assertions, the knowledge and the use of which, cannot but be a great furtherance both to the enlargement of truth, and

honest living, with much more peace. Nor should the laws of any private friendship have prevail'd with me to divide thus, or transpose my former thoughts, but that I see those aims, those actions which have won you with me the esteem of a person sent hither by some good providence from a far country to be the occasion and the incitement of great good to this Island. And, as I hear, you have obtain'd the same repute with men of most approved wisdom, and some of highest authority among us. Not to mention the learned correspondence which you hold in forreign parts, and the extraordinary pains and diligence which you have us'd in this matter both here, and beyond the Seas; either by the definite will of God so ruling, or the peculiar sway of nature, which also is Gods working. Neither can I think that so reputed, and so valu'd as you are, you would to the forfeit of your own discerning ability, impose upon me an unfit and over-ponderous argument, but that the satisfaction which you profess to have receiv'd from those incidental Discourses which we have wander'd into, hath prest and almost constrain'd you into a persuasion, that what you require from me in this point, I neither ought, nor can in conscience deferre beyond this time both of so much need

at once, and so much opportunity to try what God hath determin'd. I will not resist therefore, whatever it is either of divine, or humane obligation that you lay upon me; but will forthwith set down in writing, as you request me, that voluntary *Idea*, which hath long in silence presented it self to me, of a better Education, in extent and comprehension far more large, and yet of time far shorter, and of attainment far more certain, then hath been yet in practice. Brief I shall endeavour to be; for that which I have to say, assuredly this Nation hath extream need should be done sooner then spoken. To tell you therefore what I have benefited herein among old renowned Authors, I shall spare; and to search what many modern *Janna's* and *Didactics* more then ever I shall read, have projected, my inclination leads me not. But if you can accept of these few observations which have flow'd off, and are, as it were, the burnishing of many studious and contemplative years altogether spent in the search of religious and civil knowledge, and such as pleas'd you so well in the relating, I here give you them to dispose of.

The end then of Learning is to repair the ruines of our first Parents by regaining to know God aright, and out of that knowledge to love him,

him, to imitate him, to be like him, as we may the neereſt by poſſeſſing our ſouls of true ver-
 tue, which being united to the heavenly grace
 of faith makes up the higheſt perfection. But
 becauſe our underſtanding cannot in this body
 found it ſelf but on ſenſible things, nor arrive
 ſo clearly to the knowledge of God and things
 inviſible, as by orderly conning over the vi-
 ſible and inferior creature, the ſame method
 is neceſſarily to be follow'd in all diſcreet
 teaching. And ſeeing every Nation affords
 not experience and tradition enough for all
 kind of Learning, therefore we are chiefly
 taught the Languages of thoſe people who
 have at any time been moſt induſtrious after
 Wiſdom; ſo that Language is but the Inſtru-
 ment conveying to us things uſeſſull to be
 known. And though a Linguist ſhould pride
 himſelf to have all the Tongues that *Babel* cleft
 the world into, yet, if he have not ſtudied the
 ſolid things in them as well as the Words & Le-
 xicons, he were nothing ſo much to be eſteem'd
 a learned man, as any Yeman or Tradeſman
 competently wiſe in his Mother Dialect only.
 Hence appear the many miſtakes which have
 made Learning generally ſo unpleaſing and
 ſo unſucceſſful; firſt we do amiſs to ſpend ſeven
 or eight years meerly in ſcraping together ſo
 much

much miserable Latine and Greek, as might be learnt otherwise easily and delightfully in one year. And that which casts our proficiency therein so much behind, is our time lost partly in too oft idle vacancies given both to Schools and Universities, partly in a preposterous exaction, forcing the empty wits of Children to compose Theams, Verses and Orations, which are the acts of ripest judgment and the final work of a head fill'd by long reading and observing, with elegant maxims, and copious invention. These are not matters to be wrung from poor striplings, like blood out of the Nose, or the plucking of untimely fruit: besides the ill habit which they get of wretched barbarizing against the Latin and Greek *idiom*, with their untutor'd *Anglicisms*, odious to be read, yet not to be avoided without a well continu'd and judicious conversing among pure Authors digested, which they scarce taste, whereas, if after some preparatory grounds of speech by their certain forms got into memory, they were led to the praxis thereof in some chosen short book lesson'd thoroughly to them, they might then forthwith proceed to learn the substance of good things, and Arts in due order, which would bring the whole language quickly into their power. This I take to be the most rational
and

and most profitable way of learning Languages, and whereby we may best hope to give account to God of our youth spent herein : And for the usual method of teaching Arts, I deem it to be an old error of Universities not yet well recover'd from the Scholastick grossness of barbarous ages, that in stead of beginning with Arts most easie, and those be such as are most obvious to the sence, they present their young unmatriculated Novices at first coming with the most intellectuall abstractions of Logick and Metaphysics : So that they having but newly left those Grammatick flats and shallows where they stuck unreasonably to learn a few words with lamentable construction, and now on the sudden transported under another climate to be tost and turmoil'd with their unballasted wits in fathomless and unquiet deeps of controversy, do for the most part grow into hatred and contempt of Learning, mockt and deluded all this while with ragged Notions and Babblements, while they expected worthy and delightful knowledge ; till poverty or youthful years call them importunately their several wayes, and hasten them with the sway of friends either to an ambitious and mercenary, or ignorantly zealous Divinity ; Some allur'd to the trade of Law, grounding their
 purposes

purposes not on the prudent and heavenly contemplation of justice and equity which was never taught them, but on the promising and pleasing thoughts of litigious terms, fat contentions, and flowing fees; others betake them to State affairs, with souls so unprincipled in virtue, and true generous breeding, that flattery, and Court shifts and tyrannous Aphorisms appear to them the highest points of wisdom; instilling their barren hearts with a conscientious slavery, if, as I rather think, it be not fain'd. Others lastly of a more delicious and airie spirit, retire themselves knowing no better, to the enjoyments of ease and luxury, living out their daies in feast and jollity; which indeed is the wisest and the safest course of all these, unless they were with more integrity undertaken. And these are the fruits of mispending our prime youth at the Schools and Universities as we do, either in learning meer words or such things chiefly, as were better unlearnt.

I shall detain you no longer in the demonstration of what we should not do, but strait conduct ye to a hill side, where I will point ye out the right path of a vertuous and noble Education; laborious indeed at the first ascent, but else so smooth, so green, so full of goodly prospect,

prospect, and melodious sounds on every side, that the Harp of *Orpheus* was not more charming. I doubt not but ye shall have more adoe to drive our dullest and laziest youth, our stocks and stubbs from the infinite desire of such a happy nurture, then we have now to hale and drag our choicest and hopefullest Wits to that asinine feast of sowthistles and brambles which is commonly set before them, as all the food and entertainment of their tenderest and most docible age. I call therefore a compleat and generous Education that which fits a man to perform justly, skilfully and magnanimously all the offices both private and publick of Peace and War. And how all this may be done between twelve, and one and twenty, less time then is now bestow'd in pure trifling at Grammar and *Sophistry*, is to be thus order'd.

First to find out a spacious house and ground about it fit for an *Academy*, and big enough to lodge a hundred and fifty persons, whereof twenty or thereabout may be attendants, all under the government of one, who shall be thought of desert sufficient, and ability either to do all, or wisely to direct, and oversee it done. This place should be at once both School and University, not needing a remove to any other house of Schollership, except it
be

be some peculiar Colledge of Law, or Physick, where they mean to be practitioners; but as for those general studies which take up all our time from *Lilly* to the commencing, as they term it, Master of Art, it should be absolute. After this pattern, as many Edifices may be converted to this use, as shall be needful in every City throughout this Land, which would tend much to the encrease of Learning and Civility every where. This number, less or more thus collected, to the convenience of a foot Company, or interchangeably two Troops of Cavalry, should divide their daies work into three parts, as it lies orderly. Their Studies, their Exercise, and their Diet.

For their Studies, First they should begin with the chief and necessary rules of some good Grammar, either that now us'd, or any better: and while this is doing, their speech is to be fashion'd to a distinct and clear pronuntiation, as near as may be to the *Italian*, especially in the Vowels. For we *Englishmen* being far Northerly, do not open our mouths in the cold air, wide enough to grace a Southern Tongue; but are observ'd by all other Nations to speak exceeding close and inward: So that to smatter Latine with an English mouth, is as ill a hearing as Law-French.

French. Next to make them expert in the usefallest points of Grammar, and withall to season them, and win them early to the love of vertue and true labour, ere any flattering seducement, or vain principle seise them wandering, some easie and delightful Book of Education would be read to them; whereof the Greeks have store, as *Ceber*, *Plutarch*, and other Socratic discourses. But in Latin we have none of classic authority extant, except the two or three first Books of *Quintilian*, and some select pieces elsewhere. But here the main skill and groundwork will be, to temper them such Lectures and Explanations upon every opportunity, as may lead and draw them in willing obedience, enflam'd with the study of Learning, and the admiration of Vertue; stirr'd up with high hopes of living to be brave men, and worthy Patriots, dear to God, and famous to all ages. That they may despise and scorn all their childish, and ill-taught qualities, to delight in manly, and liberal Exercises: which he who hath the Art, and proper Eloquence to catch them with, what with mild and effectual perswasions, and what with the intimation of some fear, if need be, but chiefly by his own example, might in a short space gain them to an incredible diligence and cou-

rage: infusing into their young breasts such an ingenuous and noble ardor, as would not fail to make many of them renowned and matchless men. At the same time, some other hour of the day, might be taught them the rules of Arithmetick, and soon after the Elements of Geometry even playing, as the old manner was. After evening repast, till bed-time their thoughts will be best taken up in the easie grounds of Religion, and the story of Scripture. The next step would be to the Authors *Agriculture*, *Cato*, *Varro*, and *Columella*, for the matter is most easie, and if the language be difficult, so much the better, it is not a difficulty above their years. And here will be an occasion of inciting and inabling them hereafter to improve the tillage of their Country, to recover the bad Soil, and to remedy the waste that is made of good: for this was one of *Hercules* praises. Ere half these Authors be read (which will soon be with plying hard, and daily) they cannot chuse but be masters of any ordinary prose. So that it will be then reasonable for them to learn in any modern Author, the use of the Globes, and all the Maps; first with the old names, and then with the new: or they might be then capable to read any compendious method of natural Philosophy.

losophy. And at the same time might be en-
 tring into the Greek tongue, after the same
 manner as was before prescrib'd in the Latin;
 whereby the difficulties of Grammar being
 soon overcome, all the Historical Physiology
 of *Aristotle* and *Theophrastus* are open before
 them, and as I may say, under contribution.
 The like access will be to *Vitruvius*, to *Seneca's*
 natural questions, to *Mela*, *Celsus*, *Pliny*, or
Solinus. And having thus past the principles
 of *Arithmetick*, *Geometry*, *Astronomy*, and
Geography with a general compact of Physicks,
 they may descend in *Mathematicks* to the in-
 strumental science of *Trigonometry*, and from
 thence to Fortification, Architecture, Engiary,
 or Navigation. And in natural Philosophy
 they may proceed leisurely from the History of
 Meteors, Minerals, plants and living Creatures
 as far as Anatomy. Then also in course might
 be read to them out of some not tedious Writer
 the Institution of Physick; that they may know
 the tempers, the humours, the seasons, and how
 to manage a crudity: which he who can wisely
 and timely do, is not only a great Physitian to
 himself, and to his friends, but also may at
 some time or other, save an Army by this fru-
 gal and expenseless means only; and not let
 the healthy and stout bodies of young men rot
 away

away under him for want of this discipline; which is a great pity, and no less a shame to the Commander. To set forward all these proceedings in Nature and Mathematicks, what hinders, but that they may procure, as oft as shall be needful, the helpful experiences of Hunters, Fowlers, Fishermen, Shepherds, Gardeners, Apothecaries; and in the other sciences, Architects, Engineers, Mariners, Anatomists; who doubtless would be ready some for reward, and some to favour such a hopeful Seminary. And this will give them such a real tincture of natural knowledge, as they shall never forget, but daily augment with delight. Then also those Poets which are now counted most hard, will be both facil and pleasant, *Orpheus*, *Hesiod*, *Theocritus*, *Aratus*, *Nicander*, *Oppian*, *Dionysius*, and in Latin *Lucretius*, *Manilius*, and the rural part of *Virgil*.

By this time, years and good general precepts will have furnisht them more distinctly with that act of reason which in *Ethics* is call'd *Proairesis*: that they may with some judgement contemplate upon moral good and evil. Then will be requir'd a special reinforcement of constant and sound endoctrinating to set them right and firm, instructing them more amply in the knowledge of Vertue and the hatred of

Vice: while their young and pliant affections are led through all the moral works of *Plato*, *Xenophon*, *Cicero*, *Plutarch*, *Laertius*, and those *Locrian* remnants; but still to be reduc'd in their nightward studies wherewith they close the dayes work, under the determinate sentence of *David* or *Salomon*, or the *Evanges* and *Apostolic* Scriptures. Being perfect in the knowledge of personal duty, they may then begin the study of *Economics*. And either now, or before this, they may have easily learnt at any odd hour the *Italian* Tongue. And soon after, but with wariness and good antidote, it would be wholesome enough to let them taste some choice *Comedies*, *Greek*, *Latin*, or *Italian*: Those *Tragedies* also that treat of Household matters, as *Trachiniae*, *Alceſtis*, and the like. The next remove must be to the study of *Politicks*; to know the beginning, end, and reasons of *Political* Societies; that they may not in a dangerous fit of the *Common-wealth* be such poor, shaken, uncertain Reeds, of such a tottering Conscience, as many of our great Counsellors have lately shewn themselves; but stedfast pillars of the State. After this they are to dive into the grounds of *Law*, and legal Justice; deliver'd first, and with best warrant by *Moses*; and as far as humane

mane prudence can be trusted, in those ex-
 toll'd remains of Grecian Law-givers, *Licurgus*,
Solon, *Zaleucus*, *Charondas*, and thence to all the
 Roman *Edicts* and *Tables* with their *Justinian*;
 and so down to the *Saxon* and common Laws
 of *England*, and the Statutes. Sundayes also and
 every evening may be now understandingly
 spent in the highest matters of *Theology*, and
 Church History ancient and modern: and ere
 this time the Hebrew Tongue at a set hour
 might have been gain'd, that the Scriptures
 may be now read in their own original; where-
 to it would be no impossibility to add the
Chaldey, and the *Syrian* Dialect. When all
 these employments are well conquer'd, then
 will the choise Histories, *Heroic Poems*, and
Attic Tragedies of stateliest and most regal ar-
 gument, with all the famous Political Ora-
 tions offer themselves; which if they were not
 only read; but some of them got by memory,
 and solemnly pronounc't with right accent,
 and grace, as might be taught, would endue
 them even with the spirit and vigor of *De-
 mosthenes* or *Cicero*, *Enripides*, or *Sophocles*.
 And now lastly will be the time to read with
 them those organic arts which inable men to
 discourse and write perspicuously, elegantly,
 and according to the fitted stile of lofty, mean,

or lowly. Logic therefore so much as is useful, is to be referr'd to this due place withall her well coucht Heads and Topics, untill it be time to open her contracted palm into a gracefull and ornate Rhetorick taught out of the rule of *Plato, Aristotle, Phalereus, Cicero, Hermogenes, Longinus*. To which Poetry would be made subsequent, or indeed rather precedent, as being less futtle and fine, but more simple, sensuous and passionate. I mean not here the prosody of a verse, which they could not but have hit on before among the rudiments of Grammar; but that sublime Art which in *Aristotles Poetics*, in *Horace*, and the *Italian Commentaries of Castelvetro, Tasso, Mazzoni*, and others, teaches what the laws are of a true *Epic Poem*, what of a *Dramatic*, what of a *Lyric*, what *Decorum* is, which is the grand master-piece to observe. This would make them soon perceive what despicable creatures our comm Rimers and Play-writers be, and shew them, what religious, what glorious and magnificent use might be made of Poetry both in divine and humane things. From hence and not till now will be the right season of forming them to be able Writers and Composers in every excellent matter, when they shall be thus fraught with an universal insight into things.

things. Or whether they be to speak in Parliament or Counsel, honour and attention would be waiting on their lips. There would then also appear in Pulpits other Visages, other gestures, and stuff otherwise wrought then what we now sit under, oft times to as great a trial of our patience as any other that they preach to us. These are the Studies wherein our noble and our gentle Youth ought to bestow their time in a disciplinary way from twelve to one and twenty; unless they rely more upon their ancestors dead, then upon themselves living. In which methodical course it is so suppos'd they must proceed by the steady pace of learning onward, as at convenient times for memories sake to retire back into the middle ward, and sometimes into the rear of what they have been taught, untill they have confirm'd, and solidly united the whole body of their perfected knowledge, like the last embattelling of a Roman Legion. Now will be worth the seeing what Exercises and Recreations may best agree, and become these Studies.

Their Exercise.

The course of Study hitherto briefly describ'd, is, what I can guess by reading, likest

to those ancient and famous Schools of *Pythagoras*, *Plato*, *Isocrates*, *Aristotle* and such others, out of which were bred up such a number of renowned Philosophers, Orators, Historians, Poets and Princes all over *Greece*, *Italy*, and *Asia*, besides the flourishing Studies of *Cyrene* and *Alexandria*. But herein it shall exceed them, and supply a defect as great as that which *Plato* noted in the Common-wealth of *Sparta*; whereas that City train'd up their Youth most for War, and these in their Academies and *Lycæum*, all for the Gown, this institution of breeding which I here delineate, shall be equally good both for Peace and War. Therefore about an hour and a half ere they eat at Noon should be allow'd them for exercise and due rest afterwards: But the time for this may be enlarg'd at pleasure, according as their rising in the morning shall be early. The Exercise which I commend first, is the exact use of their Weapon, to guard and to strike safely with edge, or point; this will keep them healthy, nimble, strong, and well in breath, is also the likeliest means to make them grow large and tall, and to inspire them with a gallant and fearless courage, which being temper'd with seasonable Lectures and Precepts to them of true Fortitude and Patience, will turn into a
native

native and heroick valour, and make them hate the cowardise of doing wrong. They must be also practiz'd in all the Locks and Gripes of Wrastring, wherein English men were wont to excell, as need may often be in fight to tugg or grapple, and to close. And this perhaps will be enough, wherein to prove and beat their single strength. The interim of unsweating themselves regularly, and convenient rest before meat may both with profit and delight be taken up in recreating and composing their travaill'd spirits with the solemn and divine harmonies of Musick heard or learnt; either while the skilful *Organist* plies his grave and fancied descant, in lofty fugues, or the whole Symphony with artful and unimaginable touches adorn and grace the well studied chords of some choice Composer; sometimes the Lute, or soft Organ stop waiting on elegant Voices either to Religious, martial, or civil Ditties; which if wise men and Prophets be not extreemly out, have a great power over dispositions and manners, to smooth and make them gentle from rustick harshness and distemper'd passions. The like also would not be unexpedient after Meat to assist and cherish Nature in her first concoction, and send their minds back to study in good

tune and satisfaction. Where having follow'd it close under vigilant eyes till about two hours before supper, they are by a sudden alarm or watch word, to be call'd out to their military motions, under skie or covert, according to the season, as was the Roman wont; first on foot, then as their age permits, on Horseback, to all the Art of Cavalry; That having in sport, but with much exactness, and daily muster, serv'd out the rudiments of their Souldiership in all the skill of Embattelling, Marching, Encamping, Fortifying, Besieging and Battering, with all the helps of ancient and modern stratagems, *Tactics* and warlike maxims, they may as it were out of a long War come forth renowned and perfect Commanders in the service of their Country. They would not then, if they were trusted with fair and hopeful armies, suffer them for want of just and wise discipline to shed away from about them like sick feathers, though they be never so oft suppli'd: they would not suffer their empty and unrecrutible Colonels of twenty men in a Company to quaff out, or convey into secret hoards, the wages of a delusive list, and a miserable remnant: yet in the mean while to be over-master'd with a score or two of drunkards, the only souldery left about them, or
else

else to comply with all rapines and violence.
 No certainly, if they knew ought of that know-
 ledge that belongs to good men or good Go-
 vernours, they would not suffer these things.
 But to return to our own institute, besides these
 constant exercises at home, there is another
 opportunity of gaining experience to be won
 from pleasure it self abroad. In those seasonal
 seasons of the year, when the air is almost
 pleasant, it were an injury and fullness against
 nature not to go out, and see the riches, and
 partake in her, rejoicing with Heaven and
 Earth. I should not therefore be a person wider
 to them of studying much then, after two or
 three year that they have well laid their
 grounds, but to ride out in Companies with
 prudent and skilful Guides, to all the quar-
 ters of the Land, learning and observing
 all places of strength, all commodities of
 building and of soil, for Towns and Tillage,
 Harbours and Ports for Trade. Sometimes
 taking Sea as far as to our Navy, to learn
 there also what they can in the practical know-
 ledge of sailing and of Sea-fight. These ways
 would try all their peculiar gifts of Nature,
 and if there were any secret excellence among
 them, would fetch it out, and give it fair op-
 portunities to advance it self by, which could
 not

not but mightily redound to the good of this Nation, and bring into fashion again those old admired Vertues and Excellencies, with singular advantage now in this purity of Christian knowledge. Nor shall we then need the *Monitors* of *Paris* to take our hopefull Youth into their slight and prodigal custodies and send them over back again transform'd into Mimicks, Apes and Kitchens. But if they desire to see other Countries at three or four, and twenty years sojourn, not to learn Principles but to enlarge Experience, and make wise observation, they will by that time be such as shall deserve the regard and honour of all men where they pass; and the society and friendship of those in all places who are best and most eminent. And perhaps then other Nations will be glad to visit us for their Breeding, or else to imitate us in their own Country. Now lastly for their Diet there cannot be much to say, save only that it would be best in the same House; for much time else would be lost abroad, and many ill habits got; and that it should be plain, healthful, and moderate I suppose is out of controverfie. Thus Mr. Hartlib, you have a general view in writing, as your desire was, of that which at se-

veral times I had discourse with you concerning the best and Noblest way of Education; not beginning as some have done from the Cradle, which yet might be worth many considerations; if brevity had not been my scope, many other circumstances also I could have mention'd, but this to such as have the worth in them to make trial, for light and direction may be enough. Only I believe that this is not a Bow for every man to shoot in that counts himself a Teacher; but will require finews almost equal to those which *Homer* gave *Ulysses*, yet I am withall perswaded that it may prove much more easie in the assay, then it now seems at distance; and much more illustrious: howbeit not more difficult then I imagine, and that imagination presents me with nothing but very happy and very possible according to best wishes; if God have so decreed, and this age have spirit and capacity enough to apprehend.

THE END.

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and sold by Tho. Dring at the Blew
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